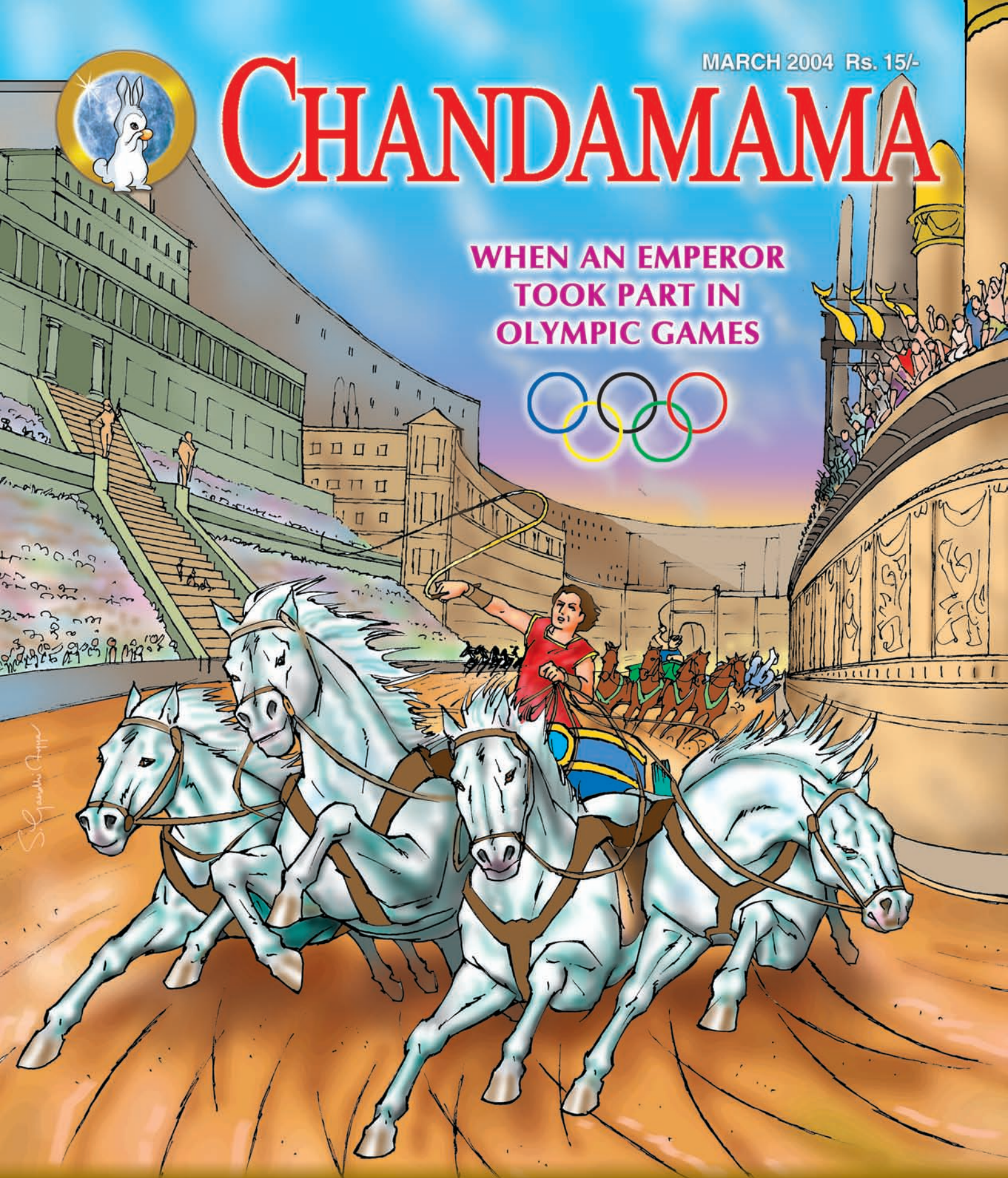




MARCH 2004 Rs. 15/-

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KALEIDOSCOPE (WRITINGS OF CHILDREN UNDER 14 YEARS OF AGE)



CHANDAMAMA

PRESENTS

"BE A DREAM CHILD" CONTEST

The President of India, Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam, in the course of his interaction with children, has been exhorting them to DREAM for the future of India and its people. Recently, at the end of his address to the nation on January 25, he administered an oath to a group of children. For the sake of our young readers, the 10-point oath is reproduced below.

1. I will pursue my education or work with dedication and I will excel in it.
2. I will teach at least 10 illiterate persons to read and write.
3. I will plant at least 10 saplings and shall ensure their growth through constant care.
4. I will visit rural and urban areas, and permanently wean away at least five persons from addiction and gambling.
5. I will constantly endeavour to remove the pain of my suffering brethren.
6. I will not support any religious, caste or language differentiation.
7. I will be honest and will endeavour to make a corruption free society.
8. I will work for becoming an enlightened citizen, and make my family righteous.
9. I will always be a friend of the mentally and physically challenged and will work hard to make them feel normal, like the rest of us.
10. I will proudly celebrate the success of my country and my people.

Chandamama invites the children of India to write one para each about what they have achieved in fulfilling the ten points by the next Independence Day. The contest is open to children between 8 and 15.

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Ideopraxist

Abdullah^{and} *Taramati Baradari*



In the 17th Century there was a sultan (king) whose name was Abdullah. He was the seventh ruler in the Qutb Shahi dynasty, which ruled the Sultanate of Golconda.

Abdullah was crowned a king at the tender age of 12, when his father died.

Abdullah lived in the famous **Golconda Fort**. The fort was built with huge walls of stone and had many rooms and small palaces inside. The sound system of the fort was also very clever. Messages could be passed back and forth with the help of echoes that rebounded amongst the walls and passages of the fort.

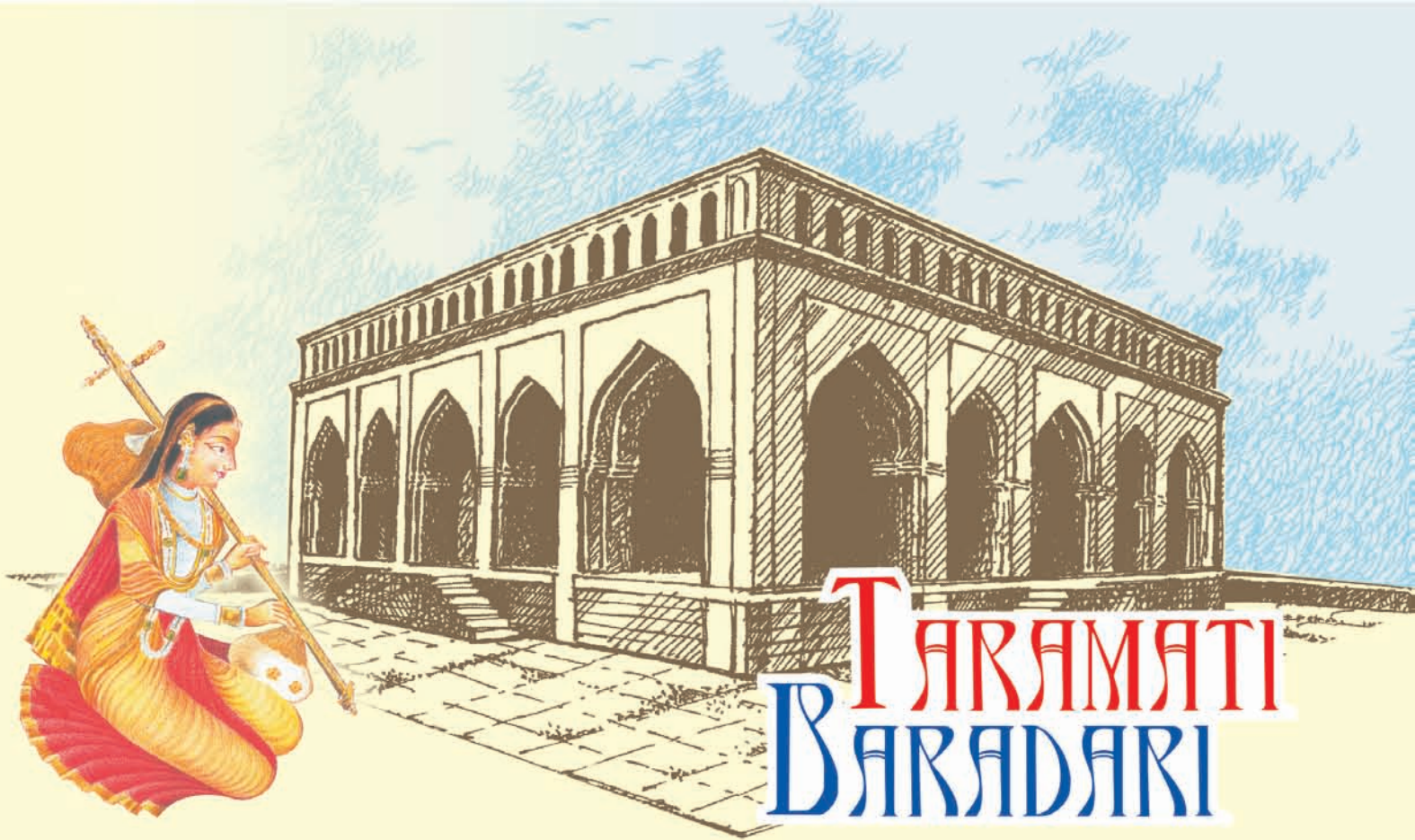
Abdullah was a kind, fun-loving king who loved art, song and poetry. He was very fond of writing poetry. There are at least 80 poems left behind by him.

During his time there was a beautiful maiden who was very talented and sang very well. She was a Hindu girl and her name was **Taramati**. Abdullah was very fond of her singing.

The area surrounding the great Golconda Fort was green with lush vegetation, streams, fruit trees and hillocks. The Fort itself was built on a hillock. The king built a lovely pavilion with 12 open doorways on a hillock about a mile from the fort. Since it has 12 doorways, it was called **Baradari**.

He presented the **Baradari** to Taramati, from where she could sing. The open doorways kept the place cool, and her melodious voice would travel to the fort where the king rested in his chambers. Abdullah wrote special songs for her and she sang them in her haunting voice, accompanied by lilting sounds of music. The monument came to be known as Taramati Baradari.





TARAMATI BARADARI

REALM OF MUSIC AND DANCE

Golconda Fort is on the outskirts of Hyderabad, the capital city of Andhra Pradesh state. The state has many tourist spots and the fort is very popular with tourists, with a fascinating Sound & Light show which depicts the history of the fort.

Taramati Baradari monument has been revived in a grand manner with a new pathway and pleasing illumination. The entire area has been landscaped with green lawns. One **Open Air Auditorium** and another **Indoor Auditorium** have been created for music and dance performances.

Many other facilities including rooms for stay and restaurant make the place a comprehensive cultural complex.

A visit to Taramati Baradari will evoke the same wonder of song and music and visitors are sure to exclaim "Wah! Wah!" just as the sultan did nearly 400 years ago! So next time you are in Hyderabad do not miss visiting the **Taramati Baradari**.



Newly created facilities around Taramati Baradari



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Little value for human life



The nation shuddered at the news that two persons in the prime of their youth were pushed out of a running train in north India, resulting in the death of one of them. Their crime: they objected to some youngsters like them teasing a group of girls travelling in the same compartment. They waited till the girls got down at a wayside station and then took law into their hands.

To think that this incident happened two days before India observed the 55th anniversary of the birth of our Republic which has given us a constitution that guarantees freedom and equality in life, makes each one of us hang our head in shame. The sheen of the Republic Day parade, which usually brings our national pride out and admiration for the progress our country has made over the years, appeared faded.

Progress? No doubt there is, in several spheres of human activity. But we seem to have failed in upholding the human values taught by our seers and sages and our scriptures. We speak of saving plant life and animal life; it looks as though we have no respect for human life.

Young men and women, in bubbling spirits, often indulge in innocent play. In the train incident, they definitely exceeded the limits. There are laws in India to protect the self respect and security of women. But all these were thrown in the air by the perpetrators of the crime. What is most surprising is, out of nearly hundred passengers in the compartment not one elder thought it expedient to intervene, and it was left to the two brave young men to raise their voice of protest. They did not realise that they would soon pay the price for their bravado. The dignity of life sadly had no value.

The day the incident took place, the capital saw some twenty children being honoured with Bravery Awards. We have no hesitation in saying that if one of them had been on the scene, the shame of eve-teasing and the sin of near murder might not have taken place.

We commend those twenty brave hearts for whatever they had done to uphold the dignity of life.

Visit us at : <http://www.chandamama.org>

Patience is the best remedy for every trouble.
Nothing is more friendly to a man than a friend in need.

- *Plautus.*

While fortune smiles, you'll have a host of friends,
but they'll desert you when the storm descends.

- *Ovid.*

"Common looking people are the best in the world:
that is the reason the Lord makes so many of them."

- *Abraham Lincoln*

How Nero Lost and Won a Race!



Two races in the ancient Olympic Games, in which the competitors used “special equipment”, were the chariot race and horse race. While chariot races were not brought back when the Games was revived in 1896, the equestrian events became a major integral part of the Modern Olympic Games, though a horse race as such is not one of the events.

You already read in these columns last month how Pelops, the Greek god of fertility, cheated his rival, Oenomaus, to win a chariot race and marked his victory by organising the first Olympic Games.

Chariot races thus became a regular event. The chariot was a small wooden vehicle with just enough space for two men to stand on it. It was open at the back. When the chariots were used for racing, only the charioteer was permitted to ride the vehicle—for both 4-horse as well as 2-horse races. The strongest and the fastest of the horses would be placed on the right hand side to make it easier go around the turns.

The distance to be covered was nearly 1,600m, and the chariots were expected to take four or eight circuits. At the end of each circuit, the chariot had to take a sort of U-turn. The skill of the charioteer lay in the way he took the turn without swerving, which was really difficult if the chariot had four horses of varying strength. The charioteer had to hold the reins securely, and avoid a collision with another chariot or falling out of the vehicle while taking a swift turn.

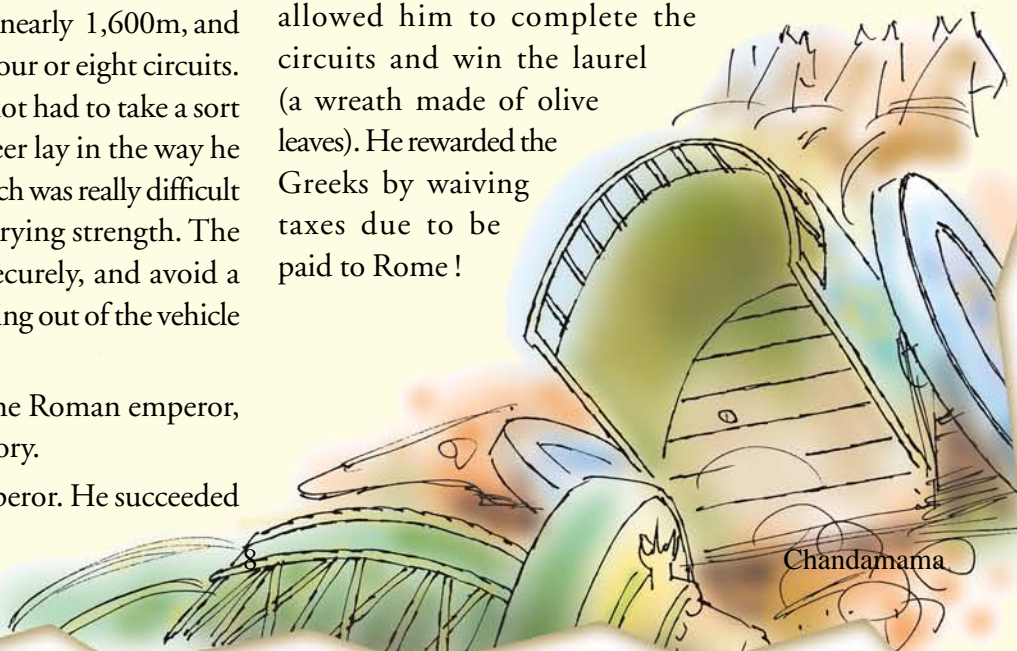
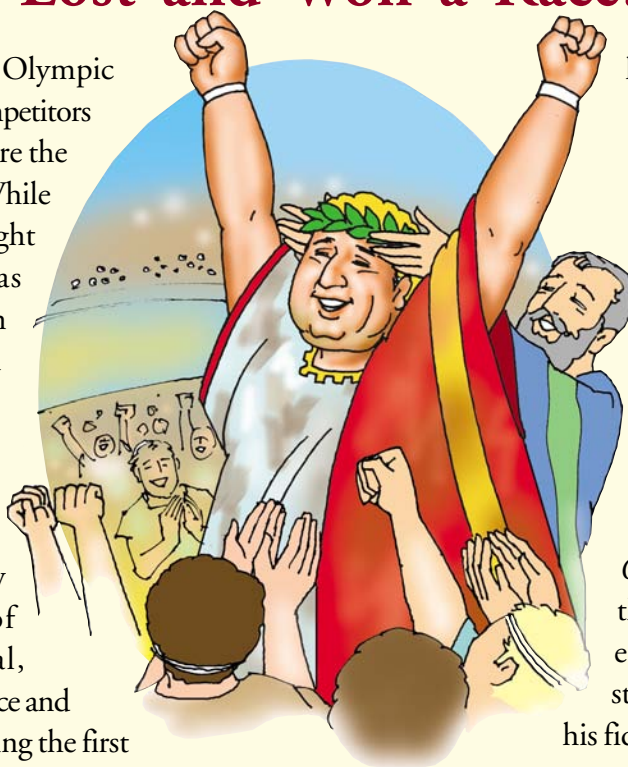
That was what happened to the Roman emperor, Nero. That makes an interesting story.

Nero was the fifth Roman emperor. He succeeded

his stepfather Claudius in A.D. 54, when he was only 17 years. In the first five years of his reign, Rome witnessed an exemplary government, which received all-round praise. This prompted him to divert his attention to art and culture, acting and taking part in physical competitions, all of which was looked down upon by the powerful Senate. In A.D. 64, Rome was destroyed by a fire that raged for nine days. Nero earned notoriety when he was stated to have “fiddled (played on his fiddle) while Rome burned”.

To retrieve his popularity, he embarked on a series of conquests. In A.D. 66, he invaded Greece and stayed there for two years.

The Olympic Games was two years away, but Nero persuaded the Council of Judges to hold the Games in A.D. 67 in his honour. He competed in all the events and he won all of them! When he was thrown off the chariot, as the story goes, the other participants, fearing his wrath and punishment, waited till he remounted and allowed him to complete the circuits and win the laurel (a wreath made of olive leaves). He rewarded the Greeks by waiving taxes due to be paid to Rome!



The lost Opportunity

In the lightning that preceded the crack of thunder, King Vikram saw the corpse hanging from a branch of the ancient tree. He climbed the tree and brought the corpse down again.

The night was dark and the atmosphere weird — with frequent drizzle, incessant howling of jackals and the laughter of invisible beings. But King Vikram did not swerve. He began crossing the cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder.

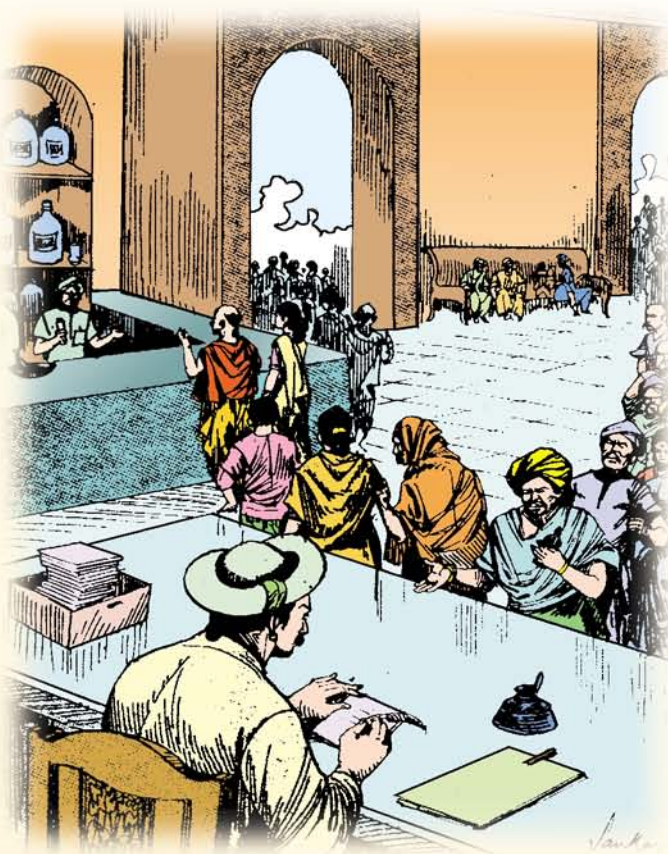
Suddenly observed the vampire that possessed the corpse: “O King, I don’t know whether you’ll be able to reap the fruit of your labour. There are instances of people shunning the opportunity that comes to them after a long hardship. Let me tell you the story of Shrimant to illustrate my point. The task you’re undertaking will be less severe if you pay attention to my narration.”

The vampire went on: In days gone by, there was a prosperous merchant named Udayabhanu who traded with the lands beyond the sea. He earned both wealth and fame. He expected his son, Shrimant, to continue his line of business. But Shrimant was a young man with a different mission in life. He became a physician. He devoted much of his time to the study of old books, recording the names of herbs and their qualities. He revived the use of many a forgotten medicine.

Udayabhanu tried his best to persuade Shrimant to take to business, but failed. He died rather a sad man.

Shrimant closed down his father’s business as soon his funeral rites were over. He opened a big laboratory and employed several young physicians as his assistants. They carried on a systematic research in the methods of Ayurveda. He also opened a charitable dispensary.





Several people were cured by him. Udayabhanu bought hundreds of acres of lands, orchards, and gardens. He also accumulated a huge quantity of gold and silver. Shrimant knew that he could afford to be as generous as he liked.

While Shrimant grew immensely popular with the common people, he became the eye-sore of two influential sections of people, namely, the quacks and the rich. Quacks, who never learnt the science of medicine properly but exploited the people, were angry with Shrimant because their patients had gone over to him. The rich grew jealous of him because they heard the people commenting: "Of all the wealthy men of this land, Shrimant alone knows how to make the best use of wealth. Others are just greedy misers!"

In those days, the king ruled the country through several feudal chiefs. The aged chief of that region, who had appreciated Shrimant's work, died. His son, the new chief, was a good-for-nothing fellow, given to flattery and several other vices. Shrimant's enemies met him in a delegation, gave him a number of handsome gifts, and complained against Shrimant that he was killing people

through wrong treatment. In order to please his flatterers and bribers, the new chief passed an order asking Shrimant to leave the region at once.

Shrimant could have appealed to the king, but he was told that the king was no better than the chief. He became disgusted with the situation. He left home without telling anything to anybody.

He reached a harbour. A merchant-ship was leaving for an island. The owner of the ship was a good friend of Udaybhanu. He invited Shrimant to join him in the voyage. Shrimant accepted the invitation gladly.

The ship ran into rough weather and sank. Shrimant, resting on a block of timber, managed to reach the shore of an island. He lay senseless on the sand when a girl found him and nursed him back to sense.

The island was inhabited by a race of simple people. They lived happily, depending on the vegetables and fruits which the island yielded in abundance. There were neither rich nor poor among the people.

But one ailment struck almost all of them. In their middle age they lost their eyesight. "This is a curse on the community," they informed Shrimant and sighed.

Shrimant knew that this was a rare epidemic. He also knew that if a land was beset with a particular disease, the panacea for the disease, too, was available but hidden in that very land. He searched for the right herbs and found them out before long. He began treating the islanders. Those on the verge of growing blind were saved. Those who had already lost their sight recovered it partly. There was great joy amongst all. They took Shrimant as a God-sent angel.

Shrimant married the girl who had nursed him back to life and lived in the island, serving the people through his knowledge of medicines. Years passed.

One day a ship anchored at a suitable spot along the island's coast. The travellers on the ship were looking for drinking water. On coming ashore, they were surprised as well as delighted to see Shrimant. They told him that the situation in their land had completely changed. The feudal chief who had driven out Shrimant had been punished by the king with death for his numerous misdeeds. A committee took care of Shrimant's property. The king had announced that

whenever Shrimant returned, his property should be restored to him. He should also be given a grand welcome by the state. The king also hinted that he might appoint him as his minister.

The visitors requested Shrimant to go back with them and claim his property and the honour that awaited him.

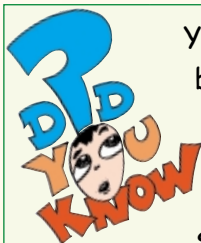
Shrimant looked happy to hear all this. The visitors were certain that he would accompany them to his native land. But when the time for departure came, Shrimant informed them that he was in no mood to leave the island. All the entreaties of his well-wishers were of no avail.

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked the king: "Tell me, if you can, O King, why did Shrimant refuse to return home? He could have enjoyed his property and could have also used his wealth for better service to the people. With the blessings of the king, he could have done anything he liked. Why did he spurn the offer of the visitors? O King, if you know the answers to

my questions and yet choose to remain silent, your head would roll off your shoulder!" The king answered without a moment's delay: "If Shrimant had any desire to enjoy wealth, he would have taken care to add on to the property left by his father. The fact that he took no interest in his father's business shows that his mission in life was service and not enjoyment. He pursued the mission well on the island.

"Although the ruling chief, who had harassed him, was gone, the quacks and the rich were still there. They would continue to be jealous of him. Such groups of people were not present among the simple island community. In the island, he was not required to take note of the attitude towards him of a king or a chief. He served the people and the people loved him. Hence he found the island a perfect home for himself."

No sooner had the king completed his reply than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip, and went back to the ancient tree.



You get up bleary eyed in the morning due to lack of sleep, because you were bothered by someone's snoring! Snoring is no laughing matter. On the contrary, it is a real problem - for those who are forced to listen. Why do people snore? Often, an obstruction in the throat or nasal passages (caused by a cold or an allergy) is the culprit.

Snoring usually starts through sleeping on one's back. In this position, the lower jaw drops open. While breathing through the mouth, the air intake vibrates the soft palate and the uvula (this is the fleshy muscle hanging in the back of the throat). And *voilà!* a snorer is born!





A Legend from Scotland

The lake that froze just once

Scotland is full of beautiful lakes. There are many that have stories associated with them, some scary, some tragic, and some poignant. Loch Katrine provided the inspiration for Sir Walter Scott's The Lady of the Lake. The poem was so popular during the early 19th century that tourists flocked there by the thousands. Even now it is a popular tourist spot. Because of its depth and strong current, Lake Katrine never freezes. But according to folklore, the lake did freeze just once.

soon engaged to be married. Katherine gave him a locket with the picture of Saint Catherine, after whom she was named, as a token of her love.

"Keep it with you always. The blessed Saint Catherine will take care of you and protect you from all harm," Katherine told George. She had been a devout and pious girl with great faith in God and the saints.

"Do you really believe all this?" asked George.

"Of course, I do. With all my heart," answered Katherine. "All the more because Saint Catherine is also the patron saint of Lake Katrine and I love the lake."

"Well, then, I shall keep it with me to please you," said George.

"Promise?"

George promised and Katherine believed him. Unfortunately George was quite different from Katherine. He did not believe in God. Nor did he ever go to church or say his prayers. If ever he mentioned God or the saints, it was in a tone of utter disrespect and ridicule.

Although Katherine did not know his true nature, her aunt, who had brought her up, suspected it. And she was not at all happy about the prospective wedding. She was

Long, long ago there was a beautiful girl named Katherine who lived by the lake. George Macduff, a charming young man, lived on the other side of the lake, in the village called Stronachlachar. George fished in the lake and hunted in the forest nearby. He had a farm where he grew vegetables. He also had a snug, warm little cottage where he lived. George was an excellent piper and often rowed over to the other side of the lake to play at weddings or other celebrations.

During one such celebration he met Katherine. He was playing the Eightsome Reel and saw her dancing, her face aglow with happiness. She was the most beautiful maiden he had ever come across. George had never thought of marriage before, as the idea of settling down with anyone did not appeal to him. But now he fell in love with Katherine at first sight and made up his mind to marry her. He courted her seriously and the two were

afraid that George was after her wealth rather than herself. Knowing how he felt about church and God, she suggested that Katherine should ask him to go to church with her to attend the special Christmas Eve service that evening. But when Katherine asked him, George looked uncomfortable and tried to get out of it. "I shall gladly escort you to the church but I shall not go in," said George.

"Why not?" asked Katherine surprised.

"I'm not the praying kind and most likely I shall be bored," said George.

"Bored! Inside a church? How can you?" said Katherine bewildered. "And the service will be beautiful this evening because it's Christmas Eve."

"Rest assured, I shall wait for you outside and bring you back home."

Katherine was hurt at his decision and looked so unhappy that George finally gave in and said he would indeed go to attend the service with her. Having made up his mind, he brushed his best clothes and polished his shoes when there was a knock at his door. A man in black stood there and asked for shelter until it stopped snowing. George called him in and made him welcome. He found him a seat by the fire and gave him a drink to warm himself. But he was surprised to see that, although it was snowing outside, the boots of the stranger were remarkably clean and totally dry. He was even more surprised when he learnt who the stranger was! "I am the Devil," announced the stranger. "You're just the kind of man I need. That's why I've been looking for you."

"What do you mean?" asked George.

"Well, you don't believe in God or the saints or the church. If you swear to be faithful to me I shall give you all the wealth you long for and all the power you need."

"Indeed?" George could hardly believe his ears.

"Yes, for the rest of your life," said the Devil. "But in return you must swear never to utter the name of God again or ever enter a church." George might have agreed if it had been any other time. But now, as he thought of

Katherine's trusting eyes, love won over greed and he told the devil that he would not do it.

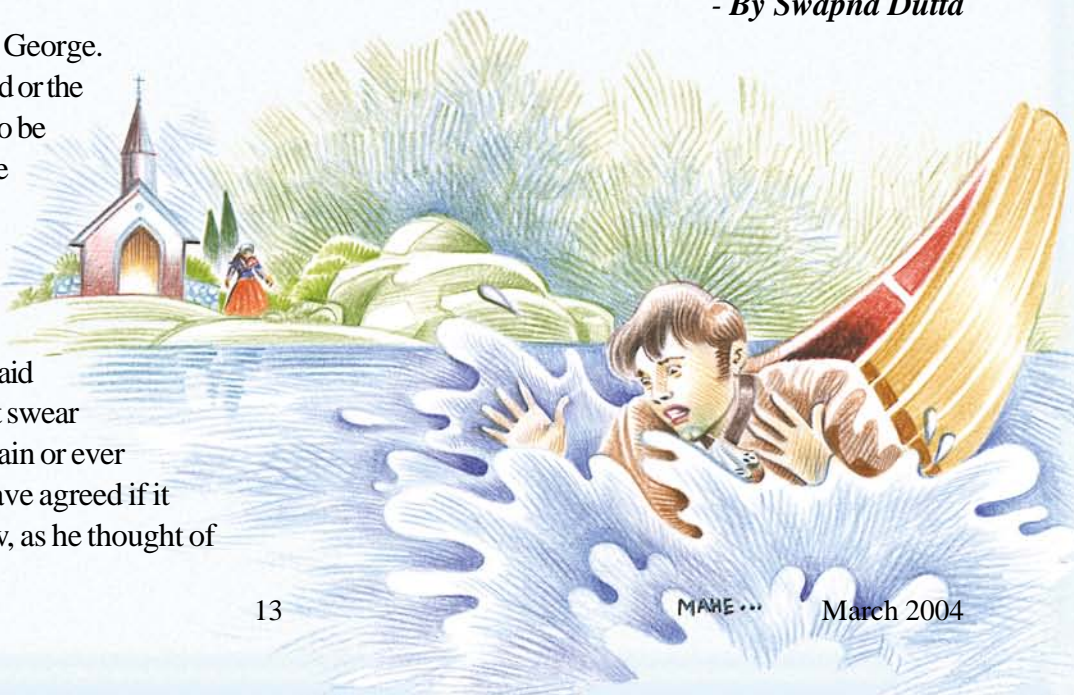
The devil was greatly annoyed and tried to convince him how wonderful it would be to have everything he wished for. "You're being extremely foolish," he told him again and again. "You are bound to repent if you don't agree."

"I don't want your riches," said George, "I shall not change my mind." Finally the Devil left in a huff. He was so angry and disappointed that he sunk George's boat.

When George came out to row across the lake, he found that he had no boat! The church bells were already ringing, calling people to the service. If he tried to walk he would never make it in time. Then in a flash he remembered the locket. He took it out and addressed the patron saint of the lake. "Please, Saint Catherine, please let me reach the church in time," he prayed from the bottom of his heart, with all the sincerity that he was capable of. As he prayed, he noticed something extraordinary happening to the water of Lake Katrine. The water started freezing and made a pathway right across the lake. George stepped on it and slid over to the other side where Katherine stood waiting for him. The bells were still ringing when Katherine and George entered the church together. As they knelt side by side praying for their future happiness, the ice melted once again and there was no trace of the frozen path that had brought George across the lake.

And that was the only time Lake Katrine ever froze!

- By Swapna Dutta



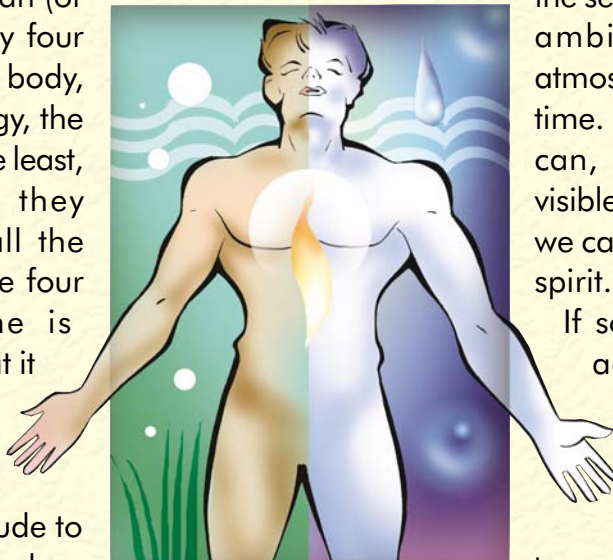


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Q Do ghosts really exist? What is the spiritual thesis related to spirit and soul?

Manisha Mohanty, Puri

A The terms *Soul*, *Spirit* and *Ghost* are understood by different people differently. Let us begin with soul. A man (or a woman) has primarily four aspects to his being: the body, the vital or the life energy, the mind and, last but not the least, the soul. Together they constitute what we call the *Consciousness*. Of these four elements, soul alone is conscious of the fact that it is a spark of the Divine. That is why, once a person realizes his or her soul, his or her attitude to everything changes; the values change; one is no longer afraid of death because the soul is immortal. When death occurs, the five elements that make up the body go back to their respective sources: the earth to earth, the air-to-air, so on and so forth. There are also spheres which are the sources of our life energy and mind. The vital and the mind, too, go back to their spheres.



And the soul goes back to its own sphere where it takes stock of all the experiences of a life-time and decides for the mode of its rebirth.

However, the vital or the life energy which is the seat of our desires, hopes and ambitions, remains in the atmosphere of the earth for some time. That is the element which can, in a certain situation, be visible. In our ordinary vocabulary we call that apparition a ghost or spirit.

If someone is spiritually quite advanced, his or her vital being may not tarry in the earth atmosphere, for it may not have any desire or attachment for temporary or illusory things.

The word *spirit* is sometimes used in the sense of soul, sometimes to mean the whole consciousness, sometimes a ghost. Much depends on the sense in which it is used. Even if ghosts or apparitions exist, there is no reason for anyone to be afraid of them. They are like a print left on the atmosphere. After some time they dissolve.

An artificial spider and web often form part of the decorations on Christmas trees in Ukraine. The people believe that a spider web found on Christmas morning would bring good luck.





The Prince and the Pomegranate

Long, long ago, the land was ruled by a benevolent king. He had three sons, who grew up to be handsome young men. In height and physique, they looked almost alike and their father showered his affection equally on them. For a long time, they were away from the capital getting trained in the martial arts, besides every skill needed to administer a kingdom. The king thought they should now remain in the palace and attend to their duties; and the time had also come for them to get married.

To get brides for all the three princes would take some time, and so the king sent messengers to every nook and corner of the kingdom and to the neighbouring kingdoms. A few days later, one of the messengers came back and informed the king about a beautiful girl he came across. She happened to be the daughter of a danseuse. She had asked the messenger to give her a description of the three princes and she wanted him to tell the king that she wished her daughter to be married to the eldest prince, as she was certain that when he succeeded to the throne, her daughter would naturally be the queen.

As the king had watched his second son taking a great interest in music and painting, he thought the girl would be more suited for the younger prince. But

he did not wish to impose his choice. He, therefore, decided that the best way to make a choice would be through a test. So, he summoned his sons and told them of the danseuse and her beautiful daughter and asked them to go on a journey for six months and return with gifts for the girl, gifts which nobody in the kingdom would have ever seen. He expected them to go to different countries unknown to them till then. The prince who came back with the most exotic gift would be married to the girl.



The princes were only too happy to be away from the humdrum of administrative duties. They set out the next day on horseback and rode in three different directions after agreeing to meet at a common point at the end of six months before returning to the palace.

The eldest prince went towards the east, while the second son chose the path towards the west; the youngest went southwards. The eldest rode for several days, stopping at places and enquiring about the crafts the people were engaged in. He could not find anything extraordinary and soon he was getting desperate. Would he have to go back empty-handed?

At last he reached a place where he saw a few odd things.

Birds were speaking like human beings, and fruits of different kinds on the same trees. As it was impossible to catch one of the birds and as there was no point in plucking fruits and taking them back to the palace, he abandoned the idea but still he hoped that a thorough search of the place might prove fruitful.

He came upon a man selling carpets which looked magnificent. He dismounted and went to him. The man showed him a few carpets and the prince found one of them very attractive. When he asked the man its price, he said he would sell it for five thousand rupees. The prince enquired why he was demanding so much. Then the man disclosed that anyone sitting on the carpet and wishing to go places, it would fly and take the person wherever he wanted to go. Without any more hesitation, the prince bought the carpet and began his return journey.

The second prince, who had gone towards the west, also went to different lands but could not come across anything he thought he could buy as a gift for the daughter of the danseuse. At one place he saw a house, with all windows and doors open but without anybody living in them; also shops with all sorts of wares but no shopkeepers.

Indeed that was quite strange, he thought, as he saw pomegranates hanging low from a tree. He was about to pluck one when from nowhere appeared a gardener. "Don't pluck the fruit!" he said in a commanding tone. "Why!" asked the prince. "Oh! The fruits on this tree are priceless ones," replied the gardener. "But tell me, how much will be the price?" the prince insisted.

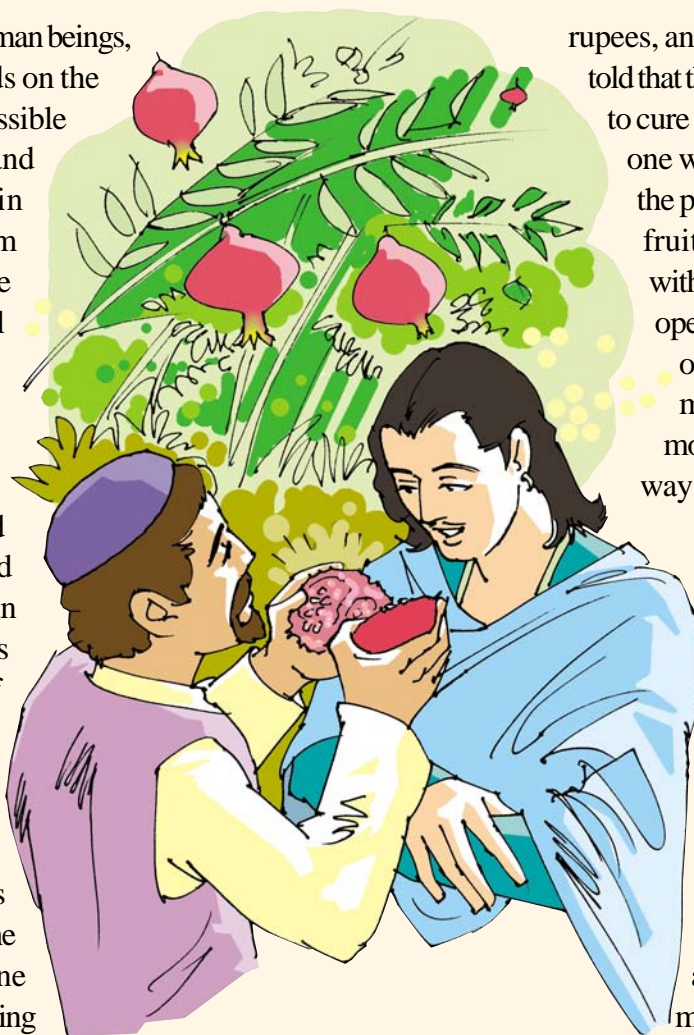
The gardener said each fruit would cost five thousand

rupees, and on enquiry, the prince was told that the fruits had special properties to cure any ailment. Not only that, if one were to cut open and take out the pearly-looking seeds from the fruit, it would close up again without a trace of having been cut open. The prince decided to buy one fruit, thinking that it would make an extraordinary gift. He mounted his horse and traced his way back to his kingdom.

Now, the youngest prince who travelled far into the south, was guided to a strange city where the buildings were made of glass with the exteriors looking like mirrors. And people wore dresses made of glass which was not plain or hard. The glassy cloth could be folded, stretched and bent; however it had a mirror-like sheen.

The prince took a fancy for a hand mirror with a beautiful frame and when he checked the price, he was told that it would cost him five thousand rupees! He remarked it was too expensive for him and was about to leave the shop when he was told that the mirror had some magical power. If one held the mirror in front and thought of a person or a place, the mirror would reflect that. The prince took the mirror and thought of his brothers one after the other and the mirror showed him that they were already on their way back to the kingdom. He now did not hesitate for a moment and bought the mirror and mounted his horse and galloped away to join his brothers.

All three reached the place where they had agreed to meet almost on the same day and time. While they were describing their experiences, suddenly they wondered about the girl for whom they had undergone adventures. They had an earnest desire to see the face of the girl who



they had only so far imagined from descriptions given to them. The youngest prince could not contain his curiosity and opened the package he was carrying and pulled out the magic mirror and looked into it. "Oh god!" he exclaimed.

His brothers were shocked and peeped into the mirror and saw the image of the girl. She was lying in bed and looked as though she was ill. Her mother was sitting by her side and helping her to drink what looked like a medicine. The second prince now remembered the pomegranate he was carrying and its medicinal power. "If only I could rush to her and give the seeds, she would certainly get well. But how can I reach there quick?" he wondered.

It was now the turn of the eldest prince to disclose what he was taking as a gift for the girl. He unfolded the carpet and asked his brothers to sit on it. The carpet started flying and soon took the three brothers to the house where the danseuse and her daughter lived. The woman was very happy to receive them when they said they would be able to cure the girl of her ailment. The second prince cut open the pomegranate and took out a few seeds and gave them to the girl. She ate them and closed her eyes. The next moment she got up, with a smiling face. "Mother, I'm all right now; my illness has vanished!"

Her mother thanked the young men who, incidentally, had not disclosed to her that they were princes and one of them might marry her daughter. Mother and daughter bade them farewell. The princes flew back on the carpet to where they had left their horses and then proceeded to the palace.

On reaching there, they went to see their father the king to whom they told him under what circumstances they had met the bride-to-be and her mother. Now, the king was unable to make a choice and decide which of his three sons should seek the hand of the danseuse's daughter. He thought he should send for the mother and daughter who should be given an opportunity to choose the bridegroom.

When they came, he received them with great honour and in the presence of his minister and courtiers, he narrated the story of the princes and their adventures.

Turning to the mother and daughter, he said: "My sons did not disclose to you who they are when they came to your place. For the service they rendered, you both had expressed your gratitude to them when they took leave of you. If you remember the sequences of the happenings, if my youngest son had not looked into the magic mirror, they would not have known how ill your daughter was. My second son, who had the pomegranate with him and was aware of its medicinal value, would not have reached your place in time if my eldest son had not made use of his flying carpet. You will now realise that each of them had contributed equally to your daughter regaining her health. I would now send for my sons, and you will help me in choosing one of them as your son-in-law."

The king summoned his sons and both the danseuse and her daughter were happy to see them again now dressed as princes. For a moment, they could not take their eyes off the faces of the handsome young princes. The mother turned to the king and said: "It was your second son who really was responsible for my daughter being cured of her illness. Suppose he had not possessed the



wonderful pomegranate, my daughter might have died of her illness. I'm sure she would agree with me if I say, your second son would prove to be a suitable son-in-law for me and an affectionate husband for my daughter."

The girl who was all the while, remaining silent, gave a glance to the second prince and felt that he was now looking more handsome than the other two. She smiled at him and said, "Mother, I agree with you." She put on a coy face.

The king was extremely happy because even before he saw the girl, he had chosen the second prince in view of his interest in music and art. He announced: "As my second son's wedding will take place first, his wife will be given the status of queen." And that exactly was what the danseuse, too, had wished for. After the grand wedding, she too moved into the palace, where everybody gave her great respect.



Meet the tribes... Asmat

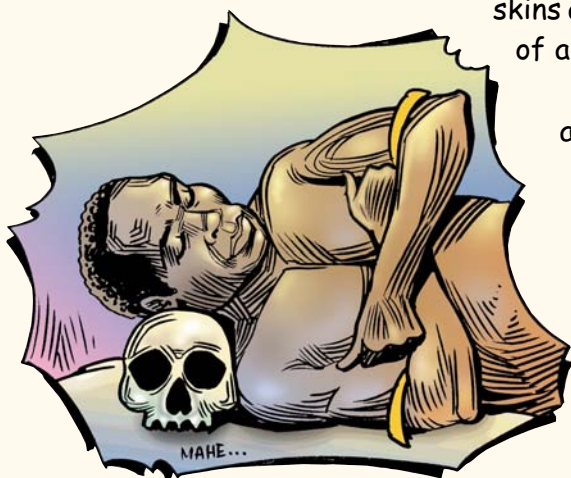
Grisly stories of head-hunting have usually become part of popular legends, but for a few tribes it remains an ancestrally dictated way of life. The Asmat of Western New Guinea, despite persuasive pleas by missionaries and the Indonesian government's bold attempts at suppressing the custom, still pursue it in the more remote areas.

For a head-hunting tradition, Asmat warriors are heavily armed with bow, arrows and spears, and wrist-guards of cane to give strength to their arms. They wear head-bands of fur from the cuscus, a small south-east Asian monkey-like creature; streamers of white feathers hang from the paddles of their canoes, which themselves are painted with ochre and powdered lime.

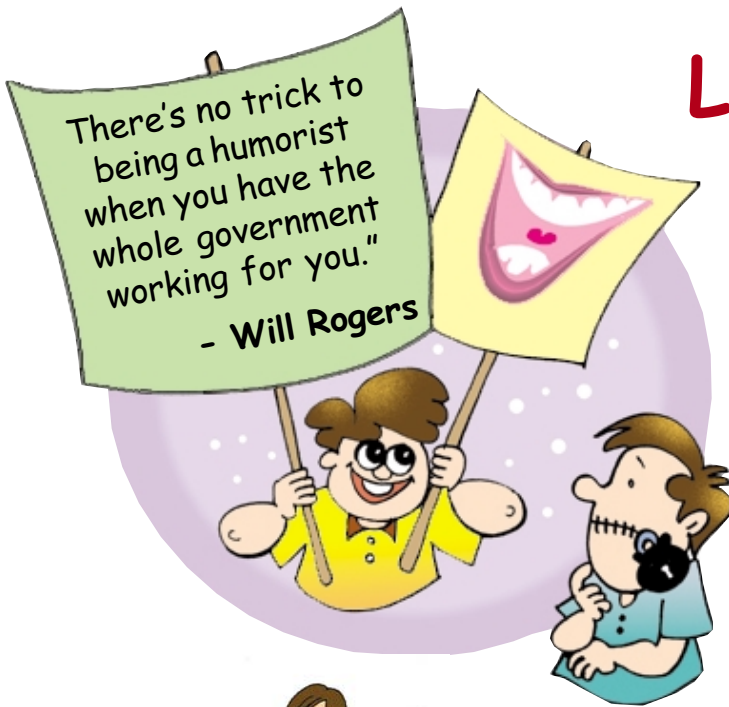
The raiders cut off the victim's head and limbs with bamboo knives and bring the dismembered bodies home, where the women accompany their men to the yeu, or ceremonial house. This is the one of the rare occasions when women are allowed entry. There, the heads are baked and the skins are removed. A hole is made in the temple with the point of a stone axe, and the brains shaken out and eaten.

Asmat men sleep on the highly polished skulls of their ancestors in order to inherit their brave qualities. A warrior will also sleep on the victim's skull and wear the jawbone around his neck as trophy.

Although they are rightly feared as a warrior tribe, some of the Asmat customs show the gentle side of their nature, particularly those connected with kinship rituals. Adoption of adults, a ritual called tasor juwi, has evolved over the years to ease tensions between neighbouring villages.



Laugh till you drop!



Teacher : Now, Ramu, what is the formula for water?

Ramu : H,I,J,K,L,M,N,O.

Teacher : Now then, you're not in the nursery, you know.

Ramu : Well, you did say it was H to O.

ଓହୋଓହୋ



Customer: Do you have any piano pieces?

New apprentice: No, Madam. What do you think? This is a junk shop? We sell only whole pianos!

ଓହୋଓହୋ



Shop owner : Yes, madam, these are the same pork pies we've had for years.

Customer : Could you show me some you've had more recently, please?

Judge : What! You here again? You are absolutely incorrigible! Perhaps you can now see what bad company leads to.

Prisoner : Your Honour, how can you say that? Bad company? Why, I never see anyone but policemen and judges.



Dushtu Dattu



THE STUBBORN BONDAGE

"Did you say that the name of this village is Vadanpur? That reminds me; what happened to our Sumer?" asked Guru Padmananda on his way to his ashram still twenty miles away. He was returning from a pilgrimage, accompanied by two of his disciples.

Sumer had lived in the ashram, receiving lessons in Yoga. He was a fine young man, possessing all the good qualities a seeker should have. But one day he received the news that his father was seriously ill. He went away to meet his father, promising the Guru that he would return in a month.

But that was ten years ago. The Guru was eager to know about him as they were passing through his village.

The disciples stopped a passer-by and asked him, "A young man from this village, named Sumer, was once residing in an ashram. Would you know anything about him?"

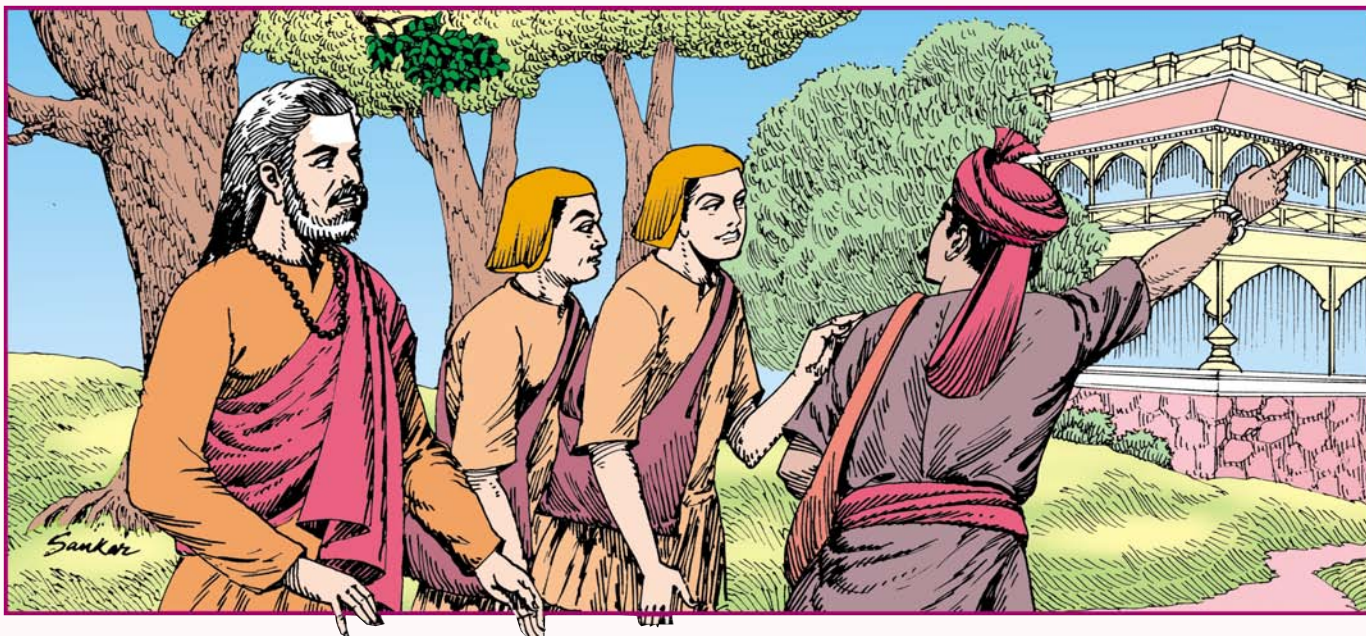
"You mean Sumer Seth? He was a disciple of Guru Padmananda. He came to see his ailing father. He got him married before dying and handed over his money-

lending business to him. He has prospered greatly due to the blessings of his Guru. There is his house – the biggest building in this area," said the villager, pointing at an impressive mansion.

The Guru and his disciples, entered the orchard and the garden. Sumer saw them from the terrace of his mansion. He came running and fell at the Guru's feet. "It's already late in the evening. Kindly accept my humble hospitality. You can leave tomorrow, unless you will be pleased to spend a few days in my house."

The Guru agreed to pass the night there. Sumer entertained them to a feast and, when he was alone with the Guru, he began weeping. "O Guruji, what a bondage I am in! But once my two children grow up, I shall leave everything to them and retire to the ashram, to serve you for the remaining days of my life."

"Even if I am not there, I shall instruct my successor, who would be one of your *Gurubhais*, to take care of you. Since you had been initiated to Yoga, it will be good for you not to give up the spiritual way of life altogether," said the Guru. The Guru left for his ashram next morning, leaving a sad Sumer behind him.



Another ten years passed. The Guru happened to pass by Vadanpur once again. He stepped into his dear disciple's mansion. Once again Sumer fell at his master's feet, wept and said he had a loving grandchild who was extremely fond of him. "I'll leave my household the very day the child is grown up enough to go to school," he promised. "Very good," said the Guru.

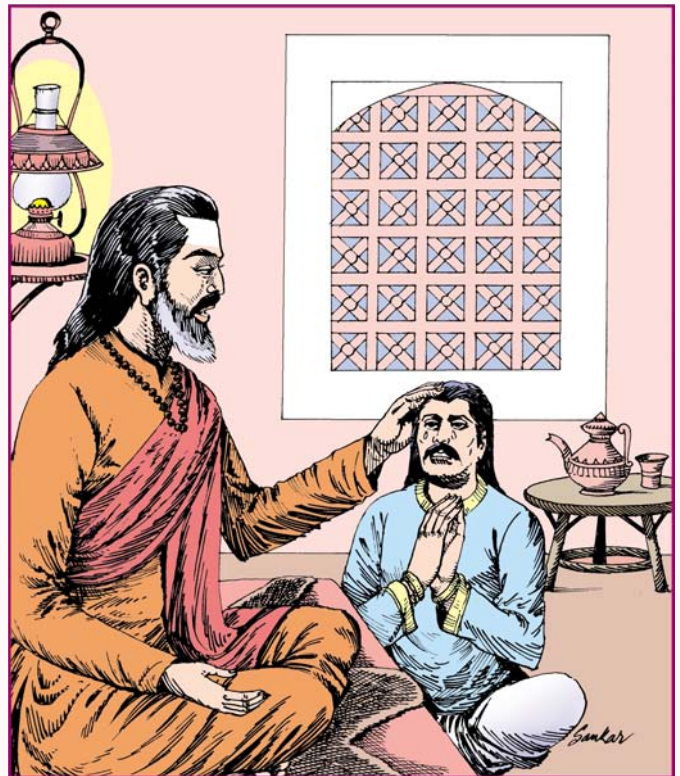
The Guru died the following year. But he left instructions with his successor not to forget Sumer, not to give him up as lost. "Sumer had some promise in him. But he allowed himself to be sucked into the tentacles of worldly attachment. He should be rescued."

More years passed. One day, the new ashram chief Gangananda grew curious to learn about Sumer. He remembered his Guru telling him not to give up Sumer as lost! He proceeded to Vadanpur and was sad to learn that Sumer was no more. However, his sons received Gangananda with great respect and prevailed upon him to pass the night there.

From the very moment of his arrival the dog in the house was licking his feet and wagging its tail ceaselessly. At night it had to be forcibly taken out of his bedroom. Gangananda was intrigued. He sat in meditation and tried to communicate with the dog's spirit. What he learnt was amazing. Sumer's spirit lived in the dog – guarding the house so that his sons and grandsons were safe from intruders.

Sumer conveyed to the dog's spirit that it should always pray for release from the life of the dog. Gangananda left the next morning.

Five years later Gangananda paid a visit to Sumer's house once again. The dog had died. But what happened to Sumer's spirit? It could not have been liberated after it had fallen so very deep into false attachments! At night, during his meditation, Gangananda realized that the spirit now lived in a cobra that had taken shelter inside a huge



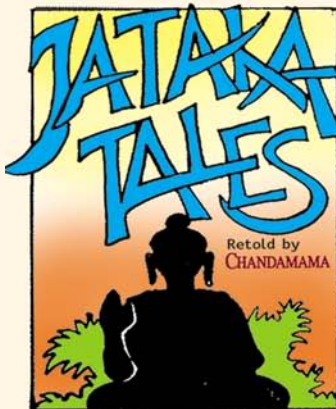
wooden chest containing the family's treasure and was guarding it.

Gangananda decided to take a stern step this time. As soon as it was morning, he informed the family that a cobra was residing in their huge chest. Alarmed, they called a snake-charmer and opened the chest and burnt incense so that the smoke would get into the chest. The cobra became immobile and the snake charmer pulled it out. A servant was about to hit it when Gangananda intervened. He did not allow the snake to be killed. He carried it in a pot to his ashram. There he performed some rites around the dying snake so that Sumer's spirit that was housed in it would leave it in peace.

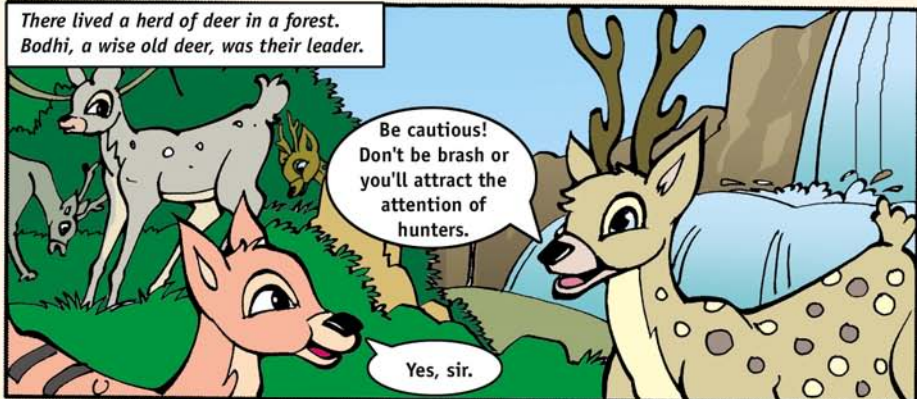
That done, Gangananda sighed: "What a wise guy Sumer had once been when we studied together. But what a fall! Alas, how stubborn can be the force of ignorance!"



Captain Cook lost 41 of his 98 crew members to scurvy (a disease caused by lack of Vitamin C) on his first voyage to the South Pacific in 1768. By 1795, the importance of citrus fruits had been realised, and lemon juice was issued to all British seamen.



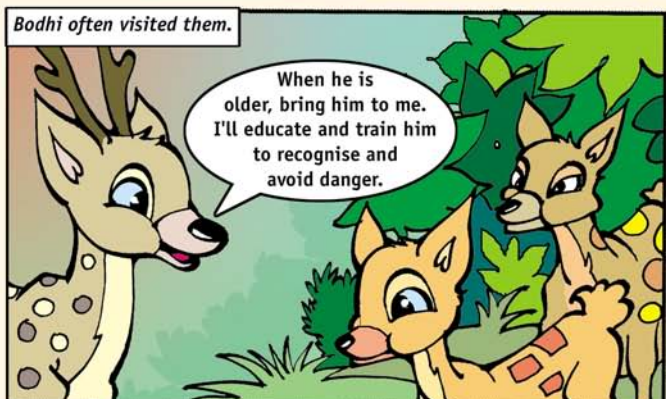
There lived a herd of deer in a forest.
Bodhi, a wise old deer, was their leader.



One day, his sister gave birth
to a beautiful fawn.



Bodhi often visited them.



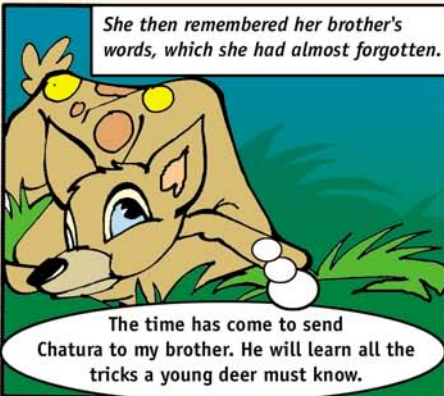
Chatura grew up to be a lovely deer. He was frisky and playful and
loved to have fun with other youngsters in the herd.



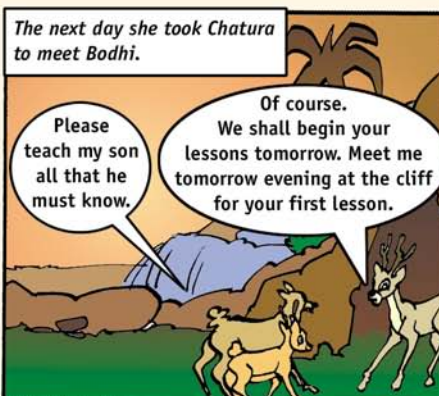
One day, Chatura was away from the herd for a long time.
Suddenly he came running back towards his mother.



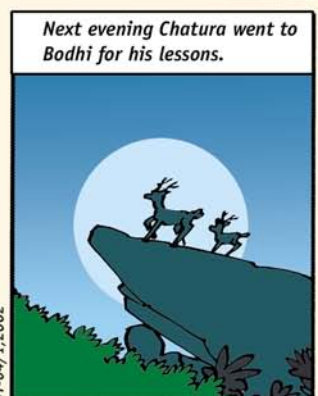
She then remembered her brother's
words, which she had almost forgotten.

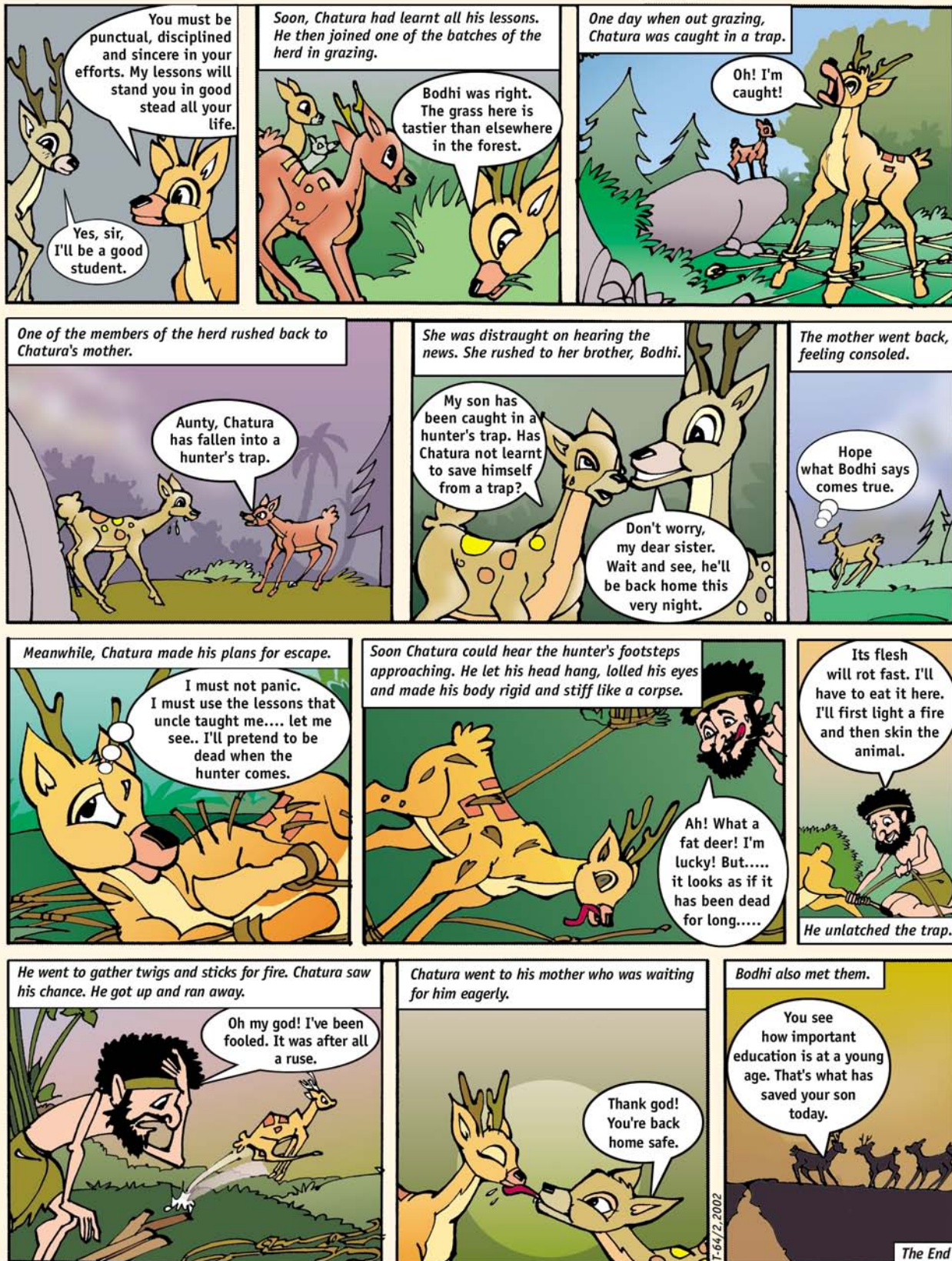


The next day she took Chatura
to meet Bodhi.



Next evening Chatura went to
Bodhi for his lessons.





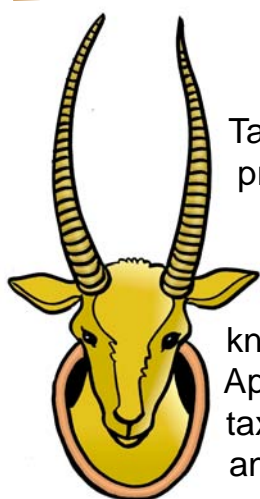


Tapir

What has 14 hooves, a rubbery, trunk-like snout, and walks underwater? The answer is – a tapir. Tapirs are shy, reclusive rainforest animals that live in nearly any wooded or grassy habitat which has a permanent supply of water. Although often mistaken for pigs and anteaters, they are in the odd-toed hooved animal family (perissodactyls), as are the horse and rhinoceros. Four species of tapir exist on the planet today, and all four are now endangered

species. Three of these species - the Baird's tapir, the Lowland tapir, and the mountain tapir - live in South America, while the fourth, the Asian or Malaysian tapir, inhabits Myanmar and Thailand south of Malaysia and Sumatra. Tapirs are exclusively herbivorous, sheltering in thickets by day and emerging at night to feed in bordering areas of grasses or shrubs. They eat the leaves, buds, twigs and fruits of low-growing, terrestrial plants and also consume aquatic vegetation. They are very good swimmers and are fond of splashing in water and wallowing in mud. The natural lifespan of a tapir is approximately 30 years, and a single youngster is born after a gestation of about 13 months. All baby tapirs have stripes and spots at birth (which are lost after the first 6 months of life) and weigh about 15-25 lb. The adult tapir weighs between 325 and 800 lb.

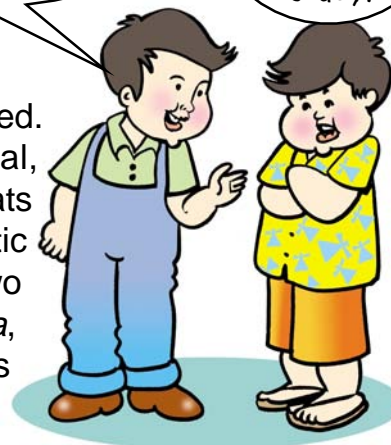
Taxidermy



Taxidermy is the process of preparing and preserving the skins of animals and of stuffing and mounting them in lifelike form for display or study. Great skill and a knowledge of the animal's anatomy are required. Apart from stuffing and mounting the animal, taxidermy also involves the setting up of habitats and display arrangements to give it a realistic setting. The word "taxidermy" is derived from two ancient Greek words; *taxis*, meaning movement; and *derma*, meaning skin. Therefore, loosely translated, taxidermy means the movement of skin.

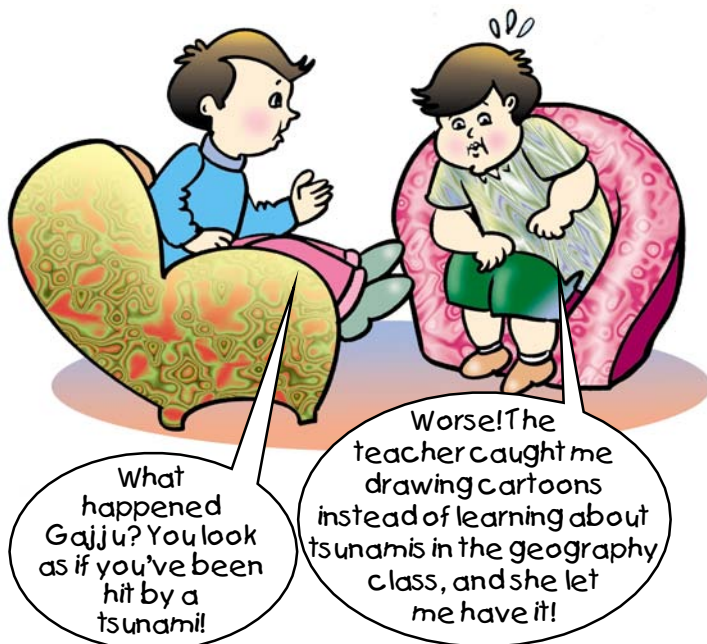
My bookworm cousin Siddharth says he wants to become a taxidermist. Does he mean he wants to drive a taxi - after studying so much?

No, silly! A taxidermist is one who stuffs and mounts animal specimens for study.





Tsunami



What happened Gajju? You look as if you've been hit by a tsunami!

Worse! The teacher caught me drawing cartoons instead of learning about tsunamis in the geography class, and she let me have it!

A tsunami (pronounced tsoo-na-mee) is a Japanese term, literally meaning “harbour wave”, now used internationally to refer to a series of waves generated in a body of water by an impulsive disturbance that vertically displaces the water column. Earlier, tsunamis were called ‘tidal waves’ or ‘seismic sea waves’. Both are misnomers, because tsunamis are unrelated to the tides and are also caused by non-seismic events, such as a landslide or meteorite impact. Any disturbance that displaces a large water mass from its equilibrium position can generate a tsunami.

As a tsunami leaves the deep waters and travels towards the coast, it slows down, while its height increases – often from 1 m or less to 20 m. Because of this shoaling effect, a tsunami, imperceptible at sea, may grow to a great height near the coast. When it finally reaches the coast, a tsunami may appear as a rapidly rising or falling tide or a series of breaking waves. Just like other water waves, tsunamis begin to lose energy as they rush onshore. Despite this, they still strike the coast with tremendous amounts of energy. Tsunamis have great erosion potential, stripping beaches of sand that may have taken years to accumulate and undermining trees and other coastal vegetation.

- By Rajee Raman

Activity

Using the clues given below, see if you can identify the famous scientists mentioned here.

How good are you at science? Put on your thinking cap and find the answers for these questions!

1. A machine which changes the energy of a moving liquid, or gas, into a form of energy which will do work - T _____
2. A disease which is also known as ‘lockjaw’ - T _____
3. The inventor of the barometer – T _____
4. A thin, leafless modification of a plant stem or leaf, which attaches to an object to give the plant support – T _____
5. A device having two junctions which generates a voltage when the junctions are at different temperatures – T _____



Answers :
1. Turbine,
2. Tetanus
3. Torricelli
4. Tendril
5. Thermocouple



The King and I

Today, we're going on a 'Nature Cruise' down the river Mandovi in north Goa. There are ten of us, school kids, all about 12 years old. The *patrao*, or owner of the boat, is a tall, thin young man called Brian. He's waiting for us when we get to the small jetty in Nerul where his boat is moored. He takes tourists down the river during the season, showing them the green beauty of Goa in the rains. The boat is yellow, blue, white and fat and bobs gently in the muddy waters. Her name is *Obrigado*, which means 'Thank you' in Portuguese.

"Why did you name her that?" I ask Brian.

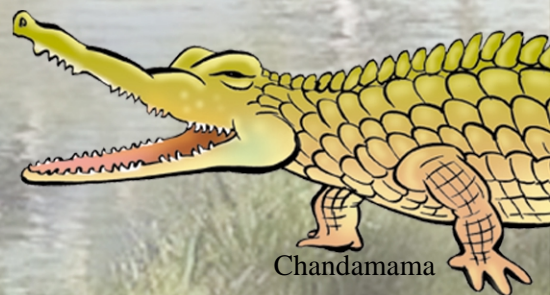
"It's to thank the birds, the animals, the fish, the bugs and the trees... yes, even the bugs!" he says. "Why? Because they're there... what a boring place the world would be without them..! The eagle soaring high above, the cicadas singing at nightfall, the soft, warm feel of a velvet frog cradled in my hands..." Mmm... I don't think I want to touch a frog!! "These forests, these birds, these animals, these fish, they are all a gift to us from God," Brian says seriously, "you children should care for them."

It's beautiful on the river. The water isn't very clean, it's brown and green and slow moving. Brian tells us, this is because the river has almost reached the sea. "It's like when you're coming home from school," he says. "Don't you always run until you're nearly there and then slow down? That's because you're tired from hurrying. The river, too." There are trees on both sides, and small patches of sand where orange and white crabs wave their pincers at us. Are they saying bye to us as we pass? The sun is blazing but there's a cool breeze over the water and it smells delicious – warm and sweet.

Brian talks excitedly about these 'gifts from God': the birds—kingfishers, cattle egrets, night herons, green bee-eaters, finches, hornbills, drongos; the reptiles – the earth boa that looks like it has a head on each end of its body, the green glass snake that isn't a snake at all, but a lizard without legs; the mammals—the mouse deer, looks like a cheetal, but so small that you can hold it in your hand... but birds, fish and small animals don't impress us – we want something bigger – tigers?

Brian tells us that in the jungles near Molém, there are some leopards but they're pretty hard to spot. He laughs. "Get it? Leopards have spots but they're rarely spotted! If you're really quiet and patient today," he whispers, "you may just see the King!"

We're astonished. A lion? In Goa? All Brian will say is *suségado* – 'take it easy'. We stop talking as he shuts off the engine. Now it's quiet,



only Brian's soft voice still praising the beauty of the river, the water lapping gently and occasional birdcalls and camera clicks. Suddenly Brian points to something on the bank. "Look," he says softly, "the King!"

We crane our necks. There, basking lazily on the bank and smiling as though he owns the river, is an immense crocodile. He must be a good 12 ft long, and at first glance it looks like he's mostly mouth and tail. As the *Obrigado* draws up on the bank opposite him, he turns obligingly, so the whole length of his body is visible to us, twisting his head to watch us watching him.

The scales on his back gleam a gold in the afternoon sun. His long tail lies curled on the sands. It looks very strong and thick; in fact, a blow from it could quite easily knock a full-grown cow off her feet and into his waiting mouth. And what a mouth it is – huge and gaping, with big yellow teeth sticking out of the sides of his jaws here and there. Slowly, he opens it wide, yawning, and lies in the sun, warming himself and watching us out of the corner of his half-closed eyes. He's huge, terrifying, and horribly ugly, he hasn't brushed his teeth today... and yet he looks like a real king! He poses for our cameras languidly.

"He's not really sleeping," says Brian, "he can wake up in a second if it means getting a good lunch or dinner." Someone wants to know what crocodiles eat. "Everything," Brian replies, "we found a dead one once that had a bicycle tyre in its belly."

This brings up the obvious question: if crocodiles kill everything, who kills the crocodiles? Brian doesn't beat about the bush. "People do!"

"But why shouldn't we kill them? They're cruel and mean and they eat all the smaller animals," we argue.

Brian explains: If the crocodile doesn't kill other animals for his food, their populations would grow... and

soon, there would be no place in the river for other creatures to live, the river would be dirty because it is so crowded... "The crocodile makes sure there's enough space for everyone," he says. "Just like a king. And the crocodile doesn't kill the other animals for fun, he kills them when he needs them – for food."

I stare at the King, only half listening to what Brian is telling me. I look fascinated and scared, but he only looks amused. He's looking at me. Does he want to eat me, too? He's so beautiful! How can something be beautiful and ugly at the same time? I don't understand it... we're looking into each other's eyes now and there's nobody else there at all, just us. The King and I.

Suddenly, he shuts his jaws with a snap so loud that all of us jump, even Brian. We watch the King of the Goan jungle slide down the bank and into the water. We can't see him at all for a few minutes and we search feverishly... until suddenly, there are shouts of "I can see his eyes!" And indeed, the only parts of the King that are visible are his eyes and the tip of his snout as he glares at us from underwater. Unexpectedly, he rises to the surface and opens his jaws again, hissing like an angry snake.

"We're strangers in his kingdom," says Brian. "Let's go home." We turn the *Obrigado*'s nose homeward and drift slowly along the river until we reach the quay. Here, Brian ties up the boat and helps everyone get off. He takes us to his house nearby. It's made of stone, with a red tile roof. Brian goes into a dingy-looking shed at the back.

He comes out of the shed a few seconds later carrying a crocodile! This croc is a baby, only about four feet long, his mouth tied up with a string to keep him from snapping. He doesn't look unhappy at being tied up. In fact, he looks rather amused. Brian holds him like a baby,





cradling him in his arms. Brian coaxes everyone to come and touch the crocodile. We come up cautiously, closing our eyes, saying 'eee' and 'ick', until we touch the cool dry scales and realize they actually feel quite nice. I look into this croc's eyes and he's smiling at me, too. I decide I rather like the King and his royal family.

Slowly, Brian turns the croc over so that its soft belly is exposed. Just under the chin is a nasty red gash. "This is from a fisherman's hook," explains Brian. "He had just caught a fish and was reeling it in when the croc caught hold of it and the hook got stuck in his throat... the fisherman didn't cut the fishing line, either. It must have hurt this fellow very badly... he was bleeding heavily when

we found him. We haven't been able to take the hook out; he won't let us. Now it's infected and he's dying." That makes us sad and we're silent. Why can't people be kind?

I look at this Prince and tell him in my mind that I'm very sorry he's hurt. In the dim light I can't be certain but I think he winks and smiles his toothy smile. "What did you think of the Kingdom?" asks Brian.

There's silence for a few minutes. "It was beautiful," someone says suddenly. "I wish my friends could have been here to see it, too."

"Come again," says Brian, "if the kingdom is still here... you must take care of it - the King doesn't have an army to protect it. That must be your job."

We turn to leave, sadly. We're destroying that Kingdom, and so many others without thinking what we'll miss once they're gone. We must do something, anything, to help... "Talk to people," says Brian. "Tell them what you saw today, what you felt. Make them feel it, too."

And that's what I'm trying to do now, by telling you of the day I met the King.

- By Sweta Sorab

Courtesy: Kalpavriksh and the National Biodiversity and Strategic Action Plan

(This series concludes with this month's story)

A Brother's share

The King of Dharampur used to remark at the annual conference of his subjects: "I'm doing my best to serve you and to improve your lot. It is because I look upon you as my brothers!"

One day, one of his subjects stepped forward and said, "My lord! I challenge you to prove that you are not showing false modesty. If you truly consider me as your brother, kindly give me a brother's share of your wealth."

"Why not!" said the king. He immediately summoned his treasurer and told him: "Find out how much money there is in the treasury, and how much a citizen will get if the amount is equally distributed amongst all."

After a while, the treasurer reported, "Each one will get one paisa, your majesty!"

"All right, hand over one paisa to this brother of mine immediately!" ordered the king.



KALEIDOSCOPE

NO PAINS, NO GAINS

The class was full of excitement. Our biology teacher, Mrs. Rathnam, had promised us to show the metamorphosis of a butterfly. We all went to the Bio lab, where on one table was placed a twig on which a cocoon was hanging. Mrs. Rathnam instructed us to watch the process thoroughly, warning us not to touch it. She then left the class. We watched the process keenly. The cocoon was struggling hard to come out of it. On compassion, I helped the cocoon, and after a few minutes, to my chagrin, the butterfly fell dead. Just then Mrs. Rathnam arrived and enquired. I muttered : "I just wanted to help it." She then said, "You fool! That struggle of the cocoon helps it to strengthen its wings, but since the process wasn't completed, it died. Nothing can be achieved in life without struggles. After all no pains, no gains."

This incident was an eye opener to all of us and we had learnt a great lesson that day.

Pooja Choubey (13), Visakhapatnam.



A FUNNY INCIDENT

One day I was on a trip to Delhi by train. On the way, I had to sleep in the train for one night. So I slept in the middle berth. In the morning I woke up, came down, took out my small bag and pulled out my brush and toothpaste, and went to the wash basin. I applied the paste and started brushing. I found the taste funny. I took a look at the tube to find out the name of the toothpaste. To my utter dismay, it was not any toothpaste but some shaving cream. I burst out and ran to narrate the incident to my parents.

Pratikshya Mishra (10), Sambalpur (Orissa)





LITTLE KRISHNA

Once I went to Mathura,
There I saw little Krishna,
He was feasting on butter, ghee,
And everything nice,
It was a real surprise.
He took a look at me
And went back to his feast,
He didn't bother me the least,
But I knew by the
Naughty grin on his face,
That I, too, should join him
In the mess he had made.
When I left him
I know I was blessed.
Butter and ghee are things I love best,
My trip to Mathura
And seeing little Krishna
Are things that I will not soon forget!!

- **Charulatha Dasappa (8), Mumbai**

HOPE

Things are not always
As difficult as can be;
A ray of hope can always
Help you to see.
See, how he sets things straight,
How one day it will happen;
See your dreams through reality
How life will then enlighten!
Don't lose that precious HOPE
That precious gift of God;
And see in it for yourself
A happy life, given by the Lord!

- **Abhishek Shetty (12) Mumbai**



A SPECIAL
SUPPLEMENT

CHANDAMAMA PRESENTS



JAIPUR



Bewitching Belghar

In the heart of wild Orissa, spread amidst the dense sal and bamboo forests of the Eastern Ghats, this sprawling sanctuary is both picturesque and full of exhilarating possibilities. A chance encounter with a Royal Bengal Tiger can't be ruled out. Herds of elephants are part of the thick sal scape. This bewitching hideout of nature is waiting to be explored and experienced.

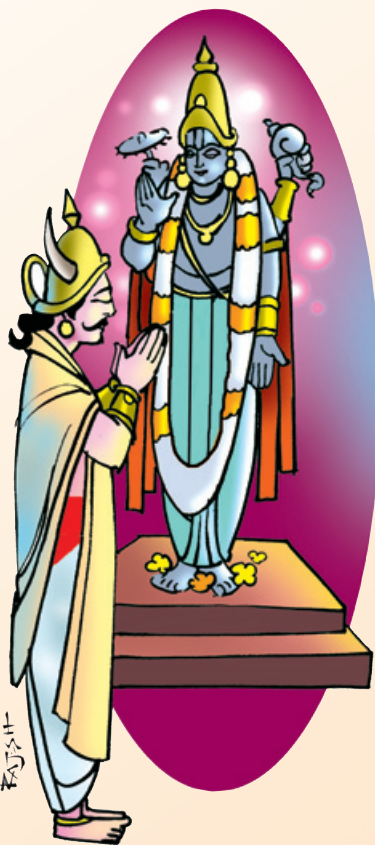
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For more information contact: Director, Tourism; Paryatan Bhavan; Bhubaneswar-751014 Orissa, India, Tel: (0674) 2432177, Fax: (0674) 2430887, e.mail: ortour@sancharnet.in website: www.orissa-tourism.com, Tourist Offices at: **Chennai:** Tamilnadu Tourism Complex Ground Floor, Near Kalaivanar Arangam, Wallajah Road, Chennai - 600002 Ph: (044) 25360891, **Kolkata:** Utkal Bhawan 55, Lenin Sarani Pin-700013, Tel: (033) 22443653, **New Delhi:** Utkalika, B/4 Baba Kharak Singh Marg Pin - 110001, Telefax (011) 23364580

JAJPUR

THE SACRED SEAT OF SACRIFICES

Once upon a time there was a powerful demon-king named Gayasura. He was a demon with a difference. He was an ardent devotee of Vishnu. The capital of his kingdom came to be known as Gaya after his name. The place turned so very holy that whoever visited it became a changed person, so much so he or she was unable to do anything that was wrong, cruel or mean. What is more, whoever could physically touch Gayasura was liberated from all sins and was filled with devotion for Vishnu.





Goddess Viraja, Jaipur

No wonder, then, people who came to Gaya and were able to touch this extraordinary demon did not feel like leaving the place. When they died, they straight away went to the heavens, without a sin, but pure and spiritual that they had become.

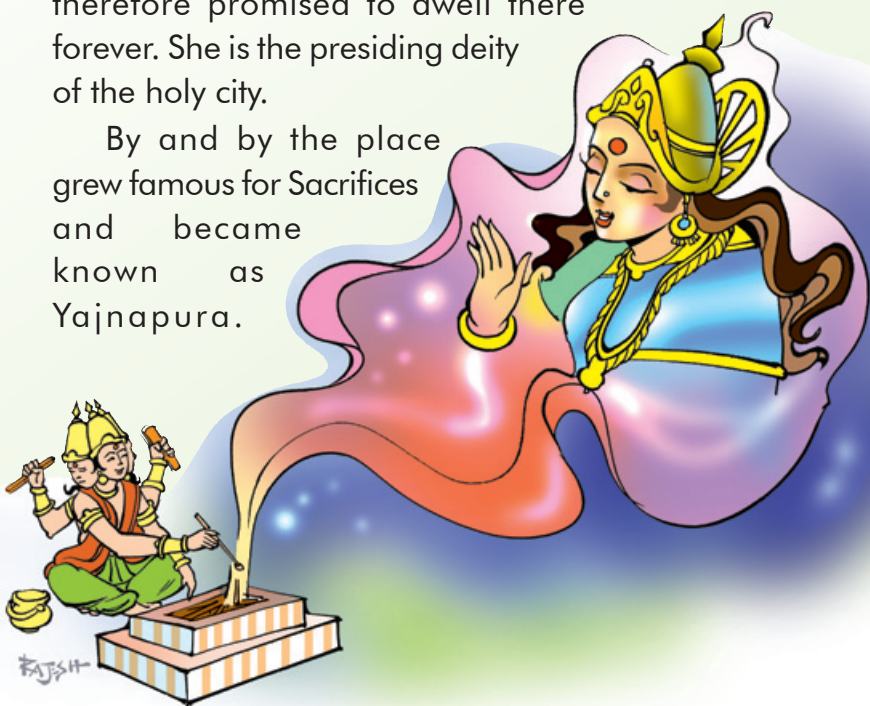
Gods and Rishis decided to perform a very great and unusual Sacrifice – the sacred fire-

rite known as *Yajna*. What could be the fitting seat for such a sacred rite? If the *adhara* or the base on which the fire would be lighted was not absolutely pure, it would break, leaving the rite incomplete. "It has to be as pure as the body of the demon *Gayasura*," they decided.

The moment the demon-king heard about it, he joyfully offered his body for the cause. He lay buried and the rite was performed over his body. So huge did he grow that, while his head lay under the earth at Gaya, his navel was at a place that later came to be known as *Navigaya* on the river *Vaitarani*, in Orissa.

if any Yajna were to be performed at Navigaya, it would yield the desired objective without fail. Hence Navigaya became a much sought after place for such rites. In fact, Lord Brahma Himself performed a great Yajna there. Out of the flames, invoked by Brahma, emerged a luminous emanation of the Divine Mother. Revered as Goddess Viraja, she was impressed by the devotion of the sages who were participating in the rite. She, therefore promised to dwell there forever. She is the presiding deity of the holy city.

By and by the place grew famous for Sacrifices and became known as Yajnapura.



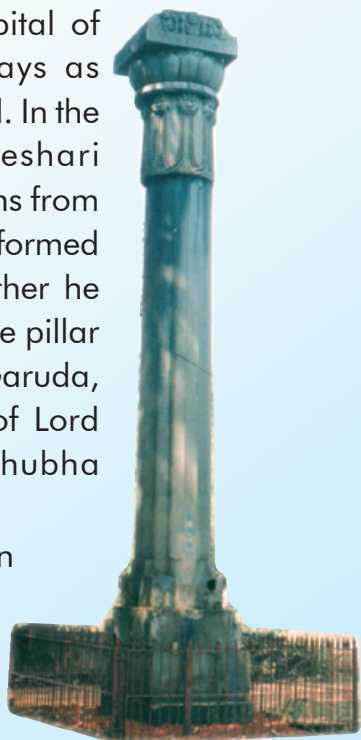
Yaga or Yaja being other words for Yajna, the place was also called Jajpur. That is the name by which it is identified till today. Scriptures also refer to the place as Virajakshetra – or the Abode of Goddess Viraja. It was one of the major places of pilgrimage centuries ago. According to a well-known authority on the heritage of Orissa, Professor Thomas Eugene Donaldson, “In Orissa, the north-east coastal state of India, the worship of the five major Brahmanical deities is associated with five Kshetras or sacred sites: Siva with the city of Bhubaneswar, Vishnu with the city of Puri, Surya with the town of Konarak, Ganesha with the site of Mahavinayaka, and the Devi with the site of Jajpur.”



Goddess Virija Temple

Once Jajpur was the capital of Orissa, known in olden days as Kalinga, Udradesha and Utkal. In the 6th century, King Jajati Keshari brought ten thousand Brahmins from the city of Kanyakubja and performed a magnificent Yajna here. Either he or his descendants built a huge pillar atop which sat the image of Garuda, the divine bird, the vehicle of Lord Vishnu. It was known as Shubha Sthambha.

There was a time when Jajpur became a major seat of Tantrik studies. Hundreds of scholars came from all parts of India and probably from countries beyond too, from Nepal and Tibet for example, to study and practise Tantra. While the shrine of Viraja was the centre of all such activities, numerous other shrines grew up around the main temple, devoted to several deities and to Vairavas and Vairavis who were associated with Tantrik worship. From the ruins of the shrines and the idols, it is evident that some of those ancient buildings and



Shubha Sthambha



Jagannath Temple

sculptures were remarkable for their grandeur and artistic concept.

But did the ancient monuments turn ruins only by the passage of time? No. In the 16th century, a vandal who came from a neighbouring land commanding a large army destroyed thousands of temples in different places in Orissa. Jajpur seems to have attracted his special attention. Here he ran amok, destroying practically every temple and trying to break most of the sculptures. When he could not crush the idols totally, he disfigured them. His was the case of a maniac commanding a horde of barbaric followers. Kala Pahad

managed to pull down the image of Garuda from the majestic pillar, Shubha Sthambha. But try as he may, he could not demolish the pillar itself.

Except historians, very few people care to remember his original name. He is known as Kala Pahad, the commander of the army of Sulaiman Karrani, the Afghan Sultan of Bengal. He even plundered the temple of Lord Jagannath at Puri, devastated so many beautiful monuments in Bhubaneswar and advanced up to Assam and invaded the famous temple of Goddess Kamaksha near Guwahati. However, at last the vandal met with his end in a naval encounter with the soldiers of Emperor Akbar.

But the memory of the ancient glory has not faded. There is Dasaswamedh Ghat that was the popular site of Yajnas; the Ghat or the spot on the bank of the river where the gods and sages



had bathed is remembered as Saptarekha. The temple of Varahanath and Saptamatrika Mandap on the river Vaitarani are other spots carrying hoary traditions behind them. The deities in the Saptamatrika or the seven mother divinities are: Airavatadhirudha, Subesha, Salankara, Vajrahasta Indrani, Garudasana Shantahasta Vaishnavi, Vriharudha Trishulabaradharini, Chandrarekha Bibhushana Maheswari, Shikhivahana Kantahrupa Kaumari, Hamsaprushtha-sasmarudha sarvabharanabhushita Brahmani, Mahishasana Varahavadana Varahi, and Nagnadeha sarpabhushitakabari Mundamalini Bhishana Chamunda. The names of the deities illustrate great concepts of the Yogic as well as Tantrik tradition. Besides, they are phrases charming for their imagery.

Out of the aura of Goddess Viraja had emerged several other deities, known as Navadurga (nine forms of Goddess Durga), Ashta Chandi (eight



Dancing chamunda : Bhairava

forms of Goddess Chandi) and sixty-four Yoginis or demi-goddesses. There were shrines for all of them.

According to a legend that has been going strong for centuries, the symbol of Lord Siva, famous as Agniswar, changes its colour from day to day. There are people who assert to have witnessed the phenomenon.



Trilochaneswar Temple

After the end of the era when Tantra dominated the place, there dawned the era of Buddhist influence. A mile or so away from Jaipur was situated three hills marked by an abundance of Buddhist monuments. They are known as Udayagiri, Lalitgiri and Ratnagiri. The illustrious Chinese traveller Hiuen Tsang referred to the place as Pushpagiri. This can be called as the Nalanda of Orissa. On one of the hills was the platform for a Stupa. When it collapsed, a box containing the sacred relics of the Buddha was found. The box is now in the safe custody of the government. Innumerable images



Udayagiri monastery

of the Buddha and sculptures depicting the Buddhist lore are discovered over these hills. Excavations show that the sites vibrated with scholastic and cultural activities apart from being a place for meditation and penance. There were residential facilities for thousands. No doubt, the already established holy Jajpur and the Buddhist institutions interacted with each other. That explains the presence of the Buddhist images in Jajpur.

There was a period when Buddhist rites were combined with Tantrik rites and new occult systems came into vogue. Obviously Jajpur was a seat of new experiments. There are even novel depiction of deities – original in idea. The philosophy behind such depictions is lost. For example, as a historian Gorachand Patnaik

observes: "The image of Mahishamardini, which is found affixed to the outer wall of Hanumaneswara temple in Jajpur town, is quite different....Here the goddess is shown as eight-armed pressing down the shoulders of the demon with her upper left hand and thrusting a trident through his body with the upper right. The other hands hold the different weapons such as the sword, the Chakra, the shield, the bow and arrow and the snake, the latter biting at the demon. The demon has been represented as a buffalo-headed human figure. The lion, the mount of the Goddess, attacks the demon."

To quote Professor Donaldson again "Many colossal Buddhist images have been discovered at Khadipada,



Ratnagiri



seven miles north of Jajpur while within the limits of Jajpur itself was discovered the largest of all Orissan Buddhist images, a broken image of the Bodhisattva Padmapani which, even without feet and the base, measures sixteen feet in height. Further evidence of the importance of Jajpur as a centre of Mahayana and Vajrayana (Tantrik) Buddhism

exists at Solampur, immediately across the Vaitarani river, where some twenty-five sculptures are scattered within the village."

The Professor says in conclusion: " Thus, despite the rampant destruction of the temples and monuments of Jajpur, the sculptures which have survived, some being the largest and most beautiful of their kind in Orissa, give ample evidence of the past magnificence of the city and its fame as a religious pilgrimage site, as the major Kshetra for Shaktism and the worship of the Devi."

FESTIVALS >>>>>>

VARUNI FESTIVAL

The Varuni is an important festival of Jaipur when lakhs of devotees take a holy dip in the Vaitarani. There are three kinds. When the 13th day of the dark fortnight of Chaitra (March-April) is conjoined with Varuna, the day is known as Varuni. If Varuni falls on a Saturday, it is called Maha Varuni. And if the Maha Varuni falls on an auspicious hour of the day or night, it is called Maha Maha Varuni. A bath in the river at that hour is believed to liberate one from all sins.

TRIVENI AMAVASYA

Triveni Amavasya, in the month of Magha (January-February), is observed as the birthday of Viraja. The goddess is dressed as Savitri and worshipped with chanting of the Gayatri mantra.

RATH YATRA

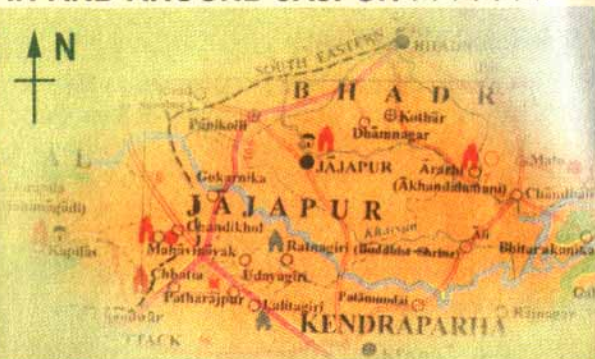
The 9-day Rath Yatra of Viraja, beginning from the first day of the bright fortnight of Aswin (Sept-Oct), is a unique festival. A representative idol of Viraja is taken out in procession on a beautifully decorated chariot. A 'danda' (wooden staff studded with silver and jewels) is placed on the chariot.

This danda is supposed to be the original form of goddess Stambheswari. The chariot circumambulates the temple nine times on each of the nine days. On the last day (Maha Navami) at midnight, the 'Lakhabindha Ceremony' takes place at Narapada, popularly known as Lakhabindha Padia, situated in the north-east corner of the temple.

The priests accompanying the goddess shoot four arrows in four directions. The goddess is then brought back to the temple in the darkness of the night and the temple door is closed. It is believed that if one were to see Viraja on the chariot, he or she would get liberation from all sin and rebirth.



IN AND AROUND JAIPUR >>>>>>



CHHATIA

The temple of Chhatia is one of the pilgrim centres where the lord of the Universe is worshipped with a lot of religious fervour. The uniqueness of this temple is that Goddess Subhadra is seen seated on the left side of Lord Jagannath.

ASHOKJHAR

Situated amidst the lush green forest of Mahagiri hills, Ashokjhar is a scenic spot of great importance. Named after the presiding deity, God Ashokeswar, it is an ideal place for picnic and outing.

CHANDIKHOL

A lovely hill on the backdrop of the ashram of Baba Bhairabananda, this place is famous for its salubrious climate and perennial stream. An ideal place for picnics and outing during weekends.

MULLAPAL

Famous for the temple of Lord Lingeswar. Hundreds visit this place daily to get relief from physical ailments.

VYASASAROVAR

Named after the great sage Vyasadev, Vyasasorovar is one of the sacred places in Orissa. The images of Vyasadev and Raghkjee Gosaim or Raghab Das are worshipped here. There are lots of legends associated with Vyasasorovar. It is behind this place that Duryodhana kept himself hidden to save his life. Every year, beginning from the day of Magha Sukla Ekadasi, a week-long fair is organized here. The temple of Jagannath, hermitage of Vyasa, and Gupta Ganga on the bank of the tank are the main attractions for pilgrims.

GOKARNIKA

Famous for the shrine of Gokarneswar Mahadeva, Gokarnika is situated on the bank of Brahmani on NH 5 close to Jaraka. This place is ideal for picnic.

MAHAVINAYAK

Adjacent to Chandikhol, Mahavinayak enshrines the five godheads in one lingam. Ganapati is worshipped here.

RATNAGIRI-LALITGIRI-UDAYAGIRI

These three hills and their environs comprise a remarkable Buddhist complex. Hiuen T'sang, the Chinese pilgrim found it to be the seat of a flourishing Buddhist University called Puspagiri. Extensive ruins of brick pagodas, sculpted stone portals and esoteric Buddhist images testifying its ancient glory, have been unearthed. Ratnagiri is the gem of this complex. The magnificently carved door jamb of the Vihar and the superbly finished Buddha images form perhaps the greatest concentration of the post-Gupta period Buddhist sculptures.





How to reach JAJPUR >>>>

- Nearest airport is at Bhubaneswar - 120 km.
- Nearest railhead is at Jajpur-Keonjhar Road on the Kolkata-Chennai line, 35 km.
- Jajpur is well connected with Cuttack, Bhubaneswar, and Kolkata by all-weather motorable roads. There are regular bus services.

Accommodation >>>>>

- Viraja Panthasala (Orissa Tourism)
Tel : 06728-222029
- Monorilash Lodge
Tel : 06728-222134
- Hotel Satya
Tel : 06728-223751
- Hotel Ashraya
Tel : 06728-224243

For assistance, ring up Viraja Panthasala, Jajpur (06728-222029), Tourist Counter, J.K. Road, (06728-220242), Tourist Counter, Cuttack Rly. Station, (0671-2620507), and Tourist Office, Cuttack (0671-2312225).

Raghurajpur: A Legacy of Creativity

10kms from Puri and 50 kms from Bhubaneswar stands Raghurajpur - the simple but highly acclaimed coconut-palm- shaded village. . Silent like the gentle dew that falls in the morning, the art of patachitra, revitalised from family sketch - books, has been handed down from generation to generation. This idyllic village, by the southern bank of river Bhargavi, is a rare village in India, where each family is engaged in the profession of preparing some handicraft or other... be it pata painting, ganjapa, palm leaf engravings, stone carvings, wood carvings or be it tusser painting. Many of the saviours of this art have been honoured by National Awards.

A living museum of art, tourists can see the artists, ceaselessly at work. The deft fingers of the master craftsmen aided by their family members work on this fascinating and communicative form of art.

So... it's time to lose yourself in the real Indian village of creativity and wander in the elegant pastures of Aestheticism and Art, of course, with a capital "A".



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ORISSA
The soul of India



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ORISSA



Touch Orissa to feel India

Feel the pulse of Orissa... and you will hear the throb of India. In diversity lies the unity of the age-old traditions.

The "Rath Yatra" of Lord Jagannath transcending the boundaries of the nation is now a universal sensation. The teeming millions, with hearts full of devotion, the throbbing drums, the frenzied cymbals, the roar of the crowds, the chanting of the priests.... that is India for you, and of course, her immortal tradition. Orissa has the pride of preserving and protecting its simple and arcadian past by cradling under her wings 62 distinct tribal groups.... complete, with their indigenous customs, rhythms of dance, beliefs and traditional festivals. Orissa's ancient art and craft have its strong tribal traditions kept ablaze in the new Millennium. Applique in Orissa is an old temple-art that brings about a marriage of technicolours on cloth. Cross-cultural influences are seen in the silver and breath-taking renditions of silver-craft which leave the viewers breathless.

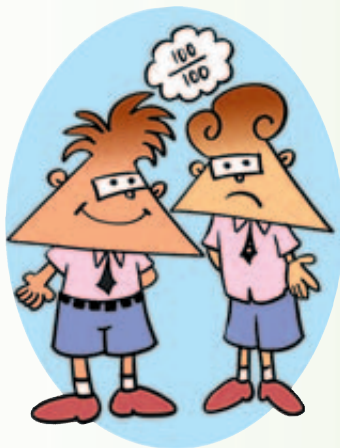
Stroll into Orissa and walk hand in hand with the tradition of India.

Tradition

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Ram : I got 100 out of 100 in maths.

Shyam : I just missed you by 1.

Ram : You mean you got 99?

Shyam : No, the number 1 was missing (leaving two zeroes).

Doctor : This is a very deep wound. It needs to be stitched.

Patient : Had I known this, I wouldn't have come to you, Doctor.

Doctor : Why?

Patient : A tailor may stitch it better.



S.R. Vinodkumar (13), Bangalore



Son : Daddy, my results have come, please bless me.

Father : Have you passed this time?

Son : No, Daddy, but please bless me for the next time.

K. Prafullithasri (10), Jaggayyapeta

1st ghost : I think I saw a human.

2nd ghost : You must be dreaming! There's no such thing as human.

S. Aditya (9), Chennai.



History teacher (at the height of a wordy quarrel) : If you don't shut your mouth, I will call Alexander's army to arrest you!

Maths teacher : You won't be able to do that! I shall close both the army and you within brackets!

Baby snake : Are we poisonous, Ma?

Mother : Yes, my dear, but why do you ask?

Baby snake : Because I just bit my tongue!



P.T. Shashank (14), Bangalore

Two donkeys, after seeing a zebra for the first time -



1st donkey : It looks like us. The only difference is it has stripes.

2nd donkey : It must have run away from a prison.

K.S.N. Hitesh (13), Nidubrole

RIDDLES

1. What is hard to beat?



2. How will you catch a squirrel?



3. What follows a dog wherever it goes?



- Shushrutha (11), Bangalore

PUZZLES

1. A businessman went away on a holiday. He asked his secretary to send him any letters that she might find in his letter-box while he was away. It was not a busy time of the year and he did not expect many letters. When after three days he had received none, he was not worried. But when he had been a week away and no letters had arrived, he wrote to his secretary.

In the meantime, the businessman's secretary wrote to him and said that she could not send any letters, as he had not given her the key to the letter box at his house. Immediately after he received this letter, he wrote an apologetic reply and posted the key to her at his house. Even then he received no letters. So, he decided to cut short his holiday and find out what was happening. As you can imagine, he returned to his house in a bad temper. But when his secretary told him why she had not sent any letters to him, he couldn't help smiling at the reason she gave. Can you see the reason from the story?



2. A murderer has been sentenced to death. He has to choose between three rooms. The first one is full of raging fires. The second has assassins with loaded pistols. The third has lions which have not eaten for three years. Which room is safest for him?

- Anush (9), Oman

1. The businessman had sent the key to his secretary at his own house. So it was in his letter box which she could not open.
2. The third room. Because the lions haven't eaten for 3 years and are dead.

PUZZLES :

1. A drum with a hole in it.
2. Climb a tree, and act like a nut.
3. Its tail.

RIDDLES :

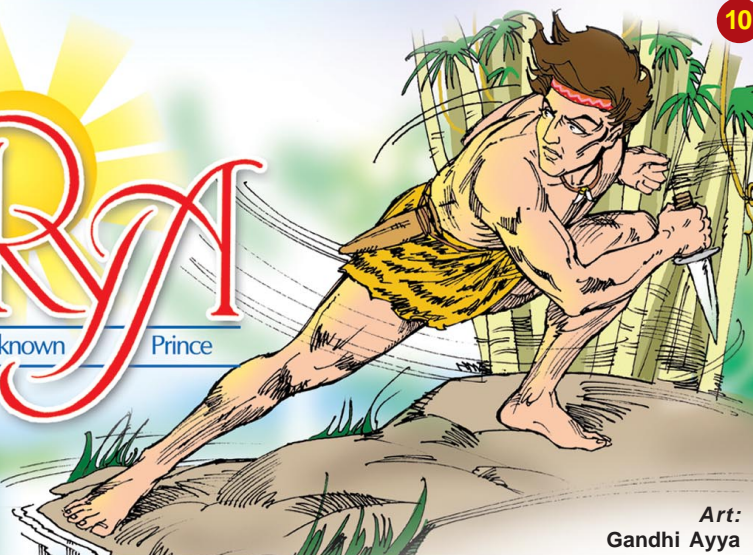
Answers :

Hermit Jayananda recognises the baby he comes upon in the forest as the prince. He is also witness to the passing away of the baby's mother. He hands over the locket with the royal insignia to the chief of Jainagar who is loyal to King Shantidev. The usurper to the throne of Shantipur, Vir Singh, prepares to attack neighbouring Amritpur. The soldiers are caught in a storm and floods in Nandini.

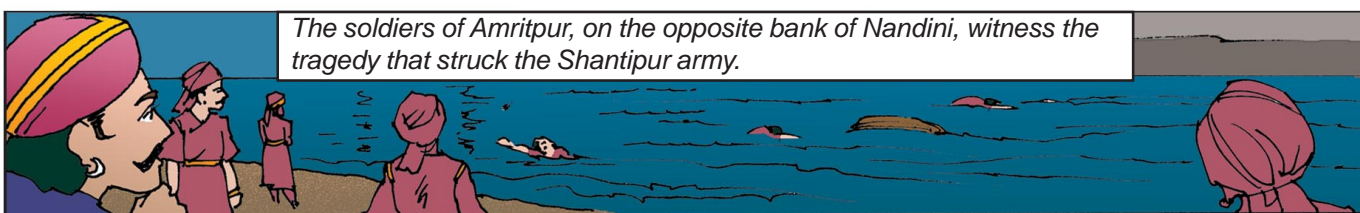
ARYA

The Mystery of the Unknown Prince

10



Art:
Gandhi Ayya



The soldiers of Amritpur, on the opposite bank of Nandini, witness the tragedy that struck the Shantipur army.



Soldiers and weapons wash ashore.

You're a
godsent.

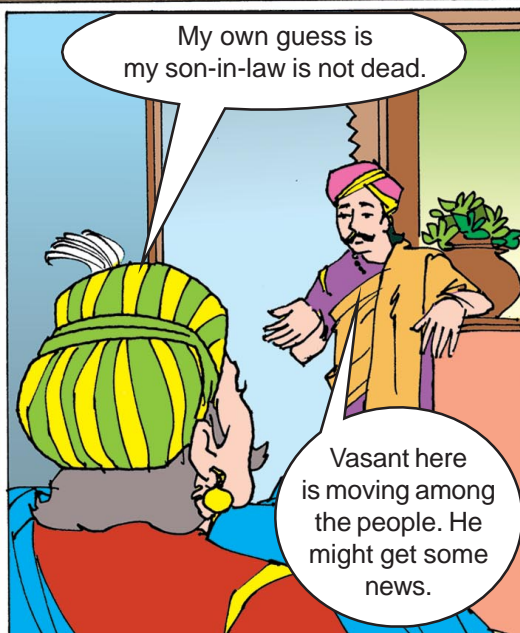
Please help
me!

I hope he
survives



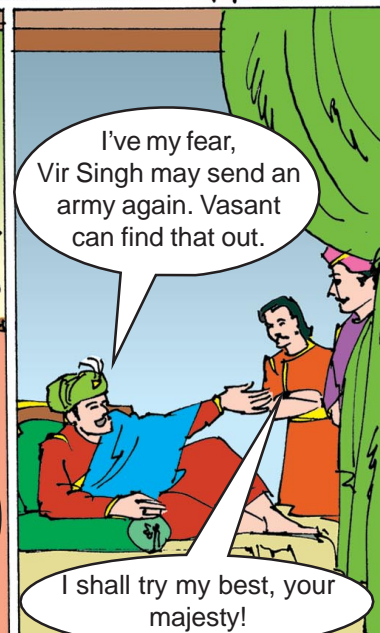
Did you say a
man in mask
saved you both?

Yes, your
majesty! I've only
a suspicion,
but...



My own guess is
my son-in-law is not dead.

Vasant here
is moving among
the people. He
might get some
news.



I've my fear,
Vir Singh may send an
army again. Vasant
can find that out.

I shall try my best, your
majesty!







PUZZLE DAZZLE

Let's find the diseases

**No human being can lead a disease-free life.
The names of a few diseases are hidden in the grid below.
Find them out using the clues.**

S	S	Y	N	C	O	P	E	S	A	Z
I	L	N	J	H	L	M	R	I	N	O
S	E	E	F	O	K	E	N	S	A	T
O	P	C	O	L	V	M	H	Y	E	R
N	R	R	A	E	O	E	Y	L	M	E
I	O	O	F	S	B	R	S	A	I	C
S	S	S	N	T	E	T	T	R	A	N
S	Y	I	S	E	S	I	E	A	S	A
Y	O	S	K	R	I	O	R	P	O	C
B	T	N	E	O	T	G	I	Z	N	F
B	X	W	K	L	Y	T	A	X	E	G

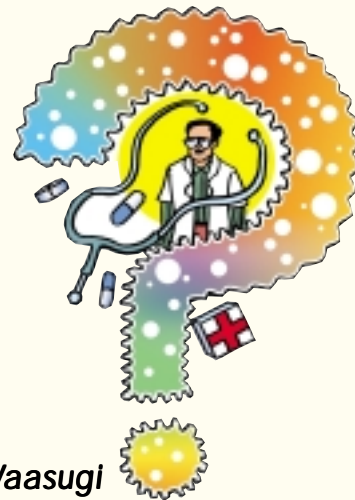
Clues :

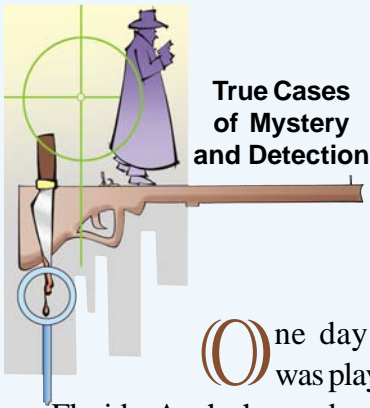
1. Illness caused by lack of iron, or oxygen carrying pigment haemoglobin.
2. It refers to any sort of malignant tumour that spreads through the body instead of being confined to where it grew.
3. A lung disease affecting workers in the cotton industry.
4. A fatty substance which is an essential part of the structure of cell walls.
5. A swelling of the thyroid gland visible in the neck.

6. A state of over-intense and often inappropriate emotion.
7. Inability to sleep.
8. A disease produced by a bacteria very like the TB bacteria.
9. Death of tissue.
10. An excessive amount of body fat.
11. Inability to move a part of the body.
12. A feverish illness caused by an organism called coxiella burnetii.
13. Sudden loss of consciousness.

(Answer on page ...76)

- By R Vaasugi





Voices in the wilderness

One day in 1935, a girl of seven was playing in the woods in northern Florida. As she hopped and skipped and ran hither and thither, singing a rhyme to her steps, voices suddenly warned her to stop and proceed no further.

Frances Williams, for that was the little damsel's name, paused and looked all around and up and down. She found no one nearby. Only the birds were chirping on the leafy branches and the squirrels were scuttling all over the place as if in fright. For, some distance away, on the very path she was moving on, lay a dangerous rattlesnake, tightly coiled but with its mouth open as though waiting for its prey.

On another occasion the same voices instructed little Frances to rush back home. Alas, on arrival she found her house on fire. She was just in time to save her mother.

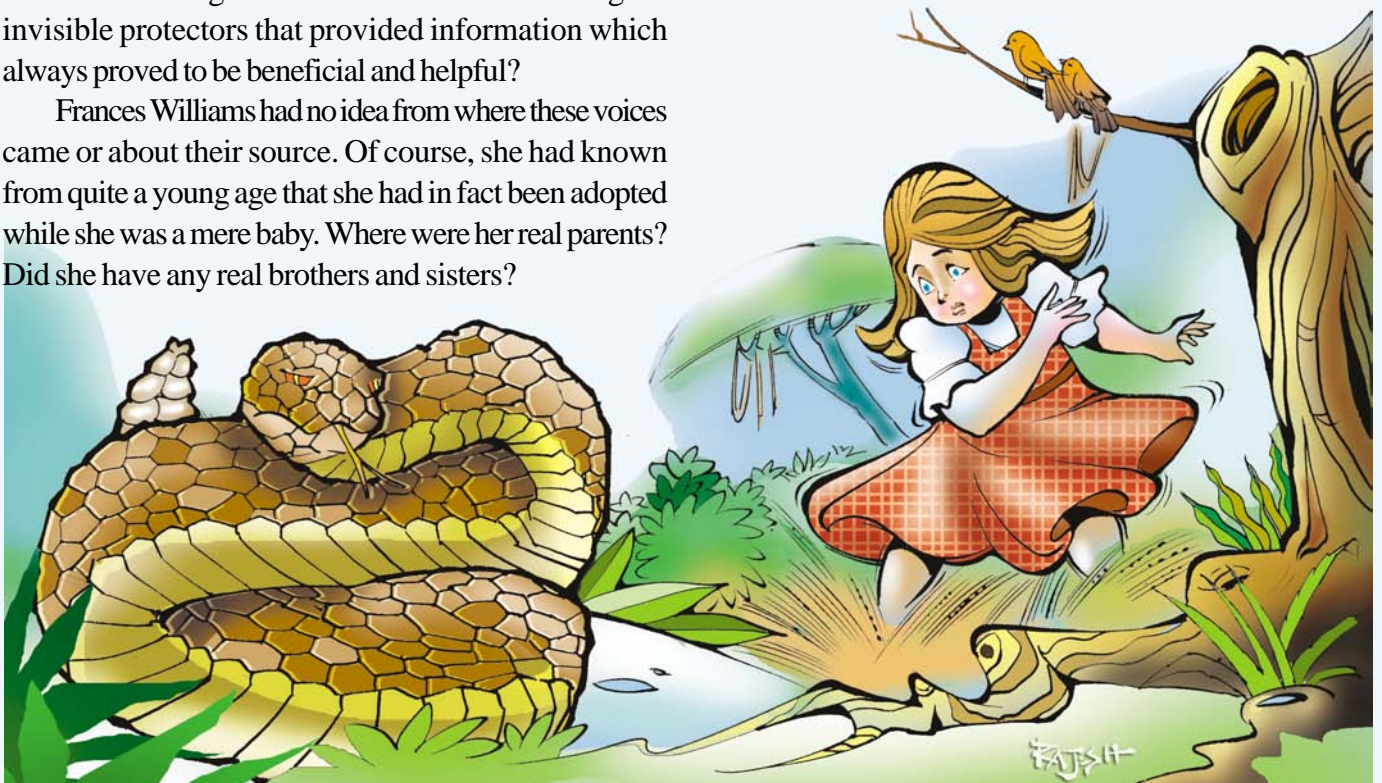
Whose were these mysterious voices that warned her whenever danger lurked? Who could be the little girl's invisible protectors that provided information which always proved to be beneficial and helpful?

Frances Williams had no idea from where these voices came or about their source. Of course, she had known from quite a young age that she had in fact been adopted while she was a mere baby. Where were her real parents? Did she have any real brothers and sisters?

Then, in 1967 when Frances Williams was about 40 years old, the guardian voices spoke to her once again and assured her that they would help to find her real family. Accordingly, she was instructed by them to place an announcement in a certain newspaper in Tampa Bay, situated some miles away from where she presently lived. The place was also not far from the children's home in Jacksonville from where she had been reportedly adopted when she was an infant.

Believe it or not, three long-lost sisters and a brother responded to the advertisement and got in touch with her. Surprisingly, all had been separated from one another and all of them seemed to have lived so long in the same region.

Then Frances Williams had a brainwave and met the Governor of Florida. She requested him to help her find whether she had any other members of her family. The



good man was so moved by her story that he at once directed the person in charge of the children's home to go through all the old records. Indeed, the old, dusty reams of files revealed clues that finally led to the discovery of yet another sister.

So, in the span of just three months, five sisters and a brother were at last reunited after 40 long years. Alas, only for a short while. For, the eldest amongst them, the only brother, suddenly died of a heart attack just within days of the last sister being traced.

As the five sisters silently stood by the graveside of their dear brother, Frances Williams spontaneously seemed to have realised the origin of the voices that were so lovingly guiding her so far. They belonged to none other than her own parents whom she had just known only for a few weeks as a baby. For, then tragedy struck



and both the parents suddenly died. The six children were left alone in the world. They were then put in the children's home from where they later drifted apart.

Why did the voices guide only Frances Williams and not the other four sisters and the brother? We do not know! But all that we know is, there are indeed forces and powers that go beyond our understanding!

The mali's money was safe!

Poor Bholaram served as the gardener of a landlord who was a crooked man. The landlord's son was just like the father.

One evening, while Bholaram was working in the garden, a childhood friend of his met him and said, "Your mother-in-law, before dying, gave me this bag which contains her life-time's savings. Her instruction was that I should hand this over to you."

Bholaram opened the bag and found that the amount it contained was quite big. He decided to leave the job of mali and return to his village and open a shop. He hid the bag in the hollow of a banyan tree, so that he could take it out in the morning.

The landlord's son saw what Bholaram did. He stole the bag and gave it to his father who was coming towards the garden. "I found this bag in the garden!"

Next morning, Bholaram took leave of the landlord and departed. In the evening the landlord was found to be sad and restless. "What's the matter?" his son asked him.

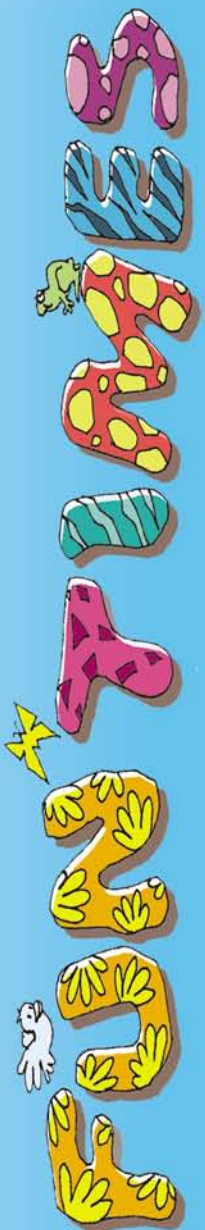
"I cannot find that bag," replied the landlord.

"Where did you keep it?" asked the son.

"In the hollow of the banyan tree," replied the father.

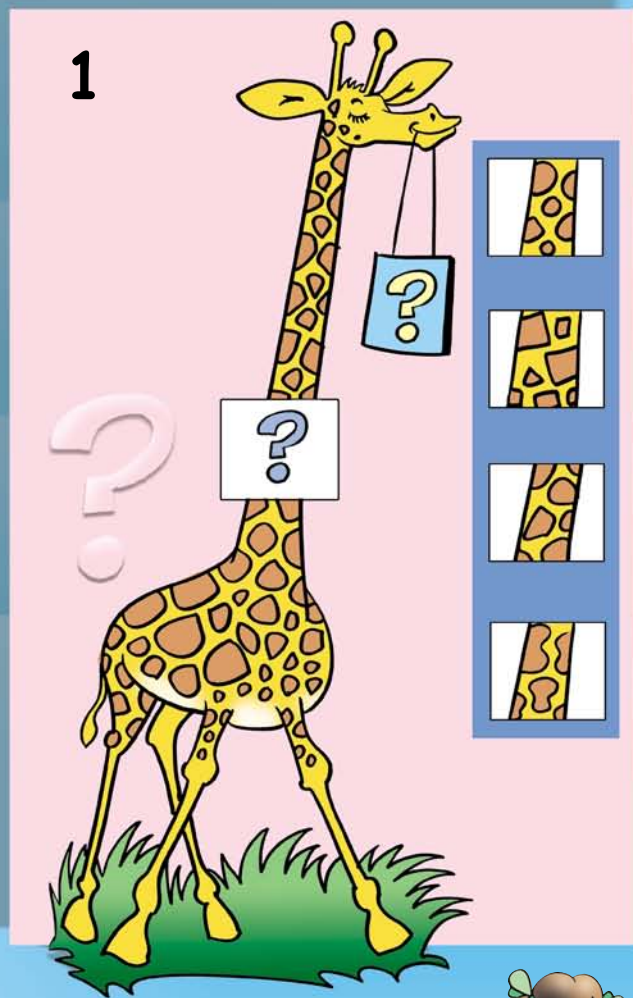


Hi, Kids! Here are some fun activities for you. Try your hand at them. Hope you enjoy yourself! To check your answers please turn to page. 76.



1. Patch up with the picture

Oh, Oh! Somebody has ruined the picture of cute Giraffe. Don't you want to put it to gether? Cut out the section with the little squares and paste it on a cardboard. Cut out the individual squares. Now try to place them in the blank and complete the picture. Check out at the end with the answers.

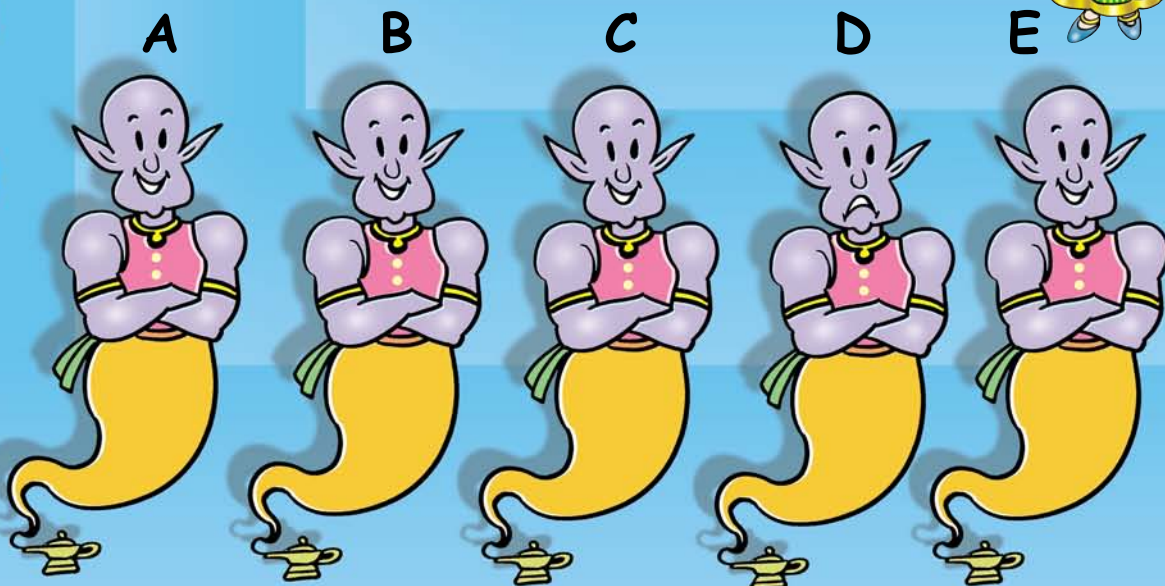


2. Find the indifferent Genie

Isn't Genie striking a cute pose? But only one of these pictures looks indifferent. Look keenly and identify.



2



3



3. Amazing Maze

Mother Snail has lost her kutty. Can you lead the mother along the right path to reunite with her kutty.

4. Splash with colours

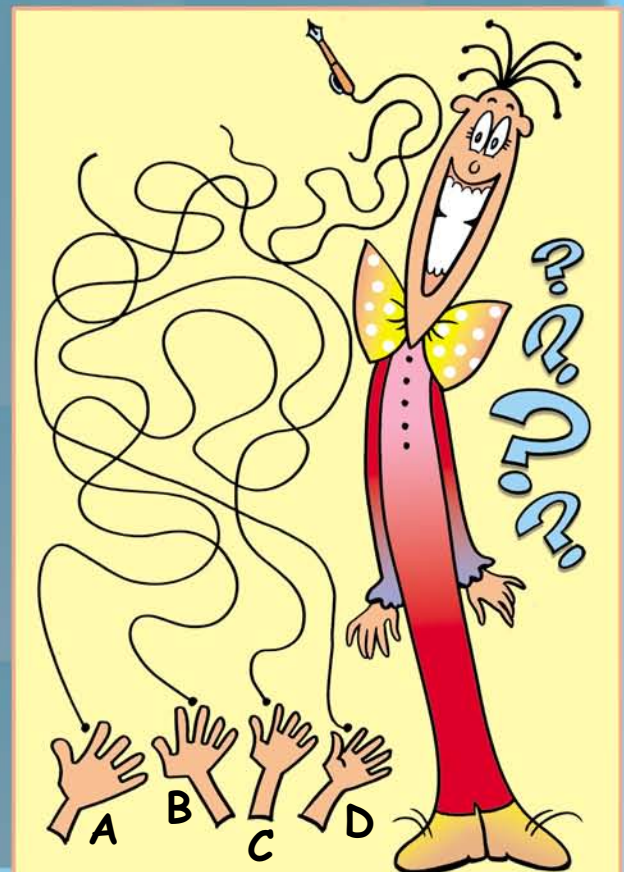
Appu is playing with a ball. Add a splash of colours to brighten up the scene.

5. Let the hand hold the magic pen

Four hands were very eager to hold the magic pen, but only one hand can hold this. Try to find the correct hand.

5

4



Dr. Rabbi's first patient

Rabbi, a young rabbit, had just completed his medical course, and become a doctor. He returned to his native forest after completing house-surgery. He was the first one to have become a doctor in his community. So, all the rabbits were so happy that they celebrated the occasion. Even the other animals had rejoiced over his accomplishment.

Putty, a female elephant, had fallen ill. So Dr. Rabbi was called in to treat her. She was his first patient after he had set up practice in the forest. He was so excited that he immediately rushed with his medical kit to Putty's house.

She was found writhing in pain and trumpeting madly.

When Dr. Rabbi saw Putty, her huge size scared him. Added to this, her frequent trumpets were frightening. Rabbi's hands started shivering out of fear. It was for the first time he was coming face to face with an elephant.

He wished he could run away. But he could not do so, for he was a doctor.

Mustering courage, Dr. Rabbi took out the stethoscope from his kit and put it on the chest of Putty, with a trembling hand. He could not hear the ticking sound of Putty's heart. He kept the stethoscope for some more time. Yet the result was the same. So, he declared that Putty's heart had stopped.

Stoppage of heart means death. That created instant panic among all those present. Putty's husband and children started wailing. Their relatives and friends, too, joined.

As the news that Putty's heart had stopped spread in the jungle, all the animals went to Putty's house to enquire. Rabbi's grandmother, too, went with them.

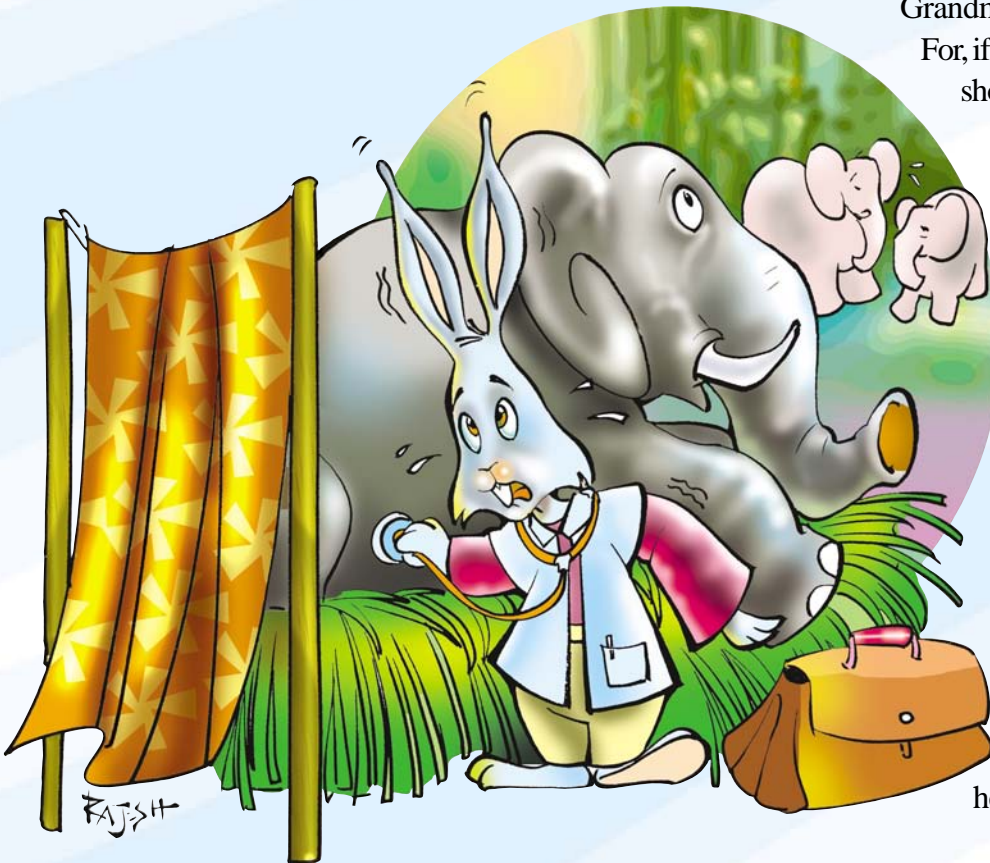
When Grandma reached the place, Putty was twirling and twisting on the ground with acute pain, and trumpeting madly.

Grandma was surprised and puzzled, too. For, if the heart had stopped beating, Putty should have died by now. But she was very much alive!

So Grandma took her grandson aside and asked him whether he had examined Putty carefully.

Dr. Rabbi said, "Yes." She asked him to examine Putty once again.

Rabbi was scared of going near Putty again. But Grandma insisted. There was no other way. So he approached Putty fearfully and put the stethoscope on her chest with a trembling hand. He did not hear the heart beat! So, he once again opined that her heart had stopped beating!



The watchful eyes of Grandma widened. She had just discovered what had happened ... In his fear, Rabbi had forgotten to put the earpieces of the stethoscope in his ears! It was still hanging around his neck. No wonder he could not hear the heartbeat!!

Without revealing anything, Grandma adjusted the stethoscope in Rabbi's ears and asked him to examine Putty once again. Rabbi did so. 'Tick-tock... tick-tock'. He could now hear the heartbeat clearly!

As Dr. Rabbi declared that Putty's heart had started beating now, everybody's joy knew no bounds.

Now Grandma talked to Putty about her ailment and diagnosed it to be a simple stomach ache. So, she prepared a herbal mixture and gave it to Putty and she

drank the medicine and soon became all right! She now trumpeted with joy. And everybody felt happy and thanked Dr. Rabbi and his grandmother.

Later at home, Grandma, who alone knew the secret of Rabbi, made fun of him.

She also advised him to be more careful and alert while treating his patients, and never to allow fear dominate over him.

Dr. Rabbi felt grateful to his grandma for saving the situation and promised to keep her advice in mind.

Thereafter, he was very careful while attending on his patients and soon, he had earned a good name as a doctor.

- By P.V.V. Satyanarayana



Clinching the deal

One day a poet met a certain landlord and recited a small verse in his praise. In the verse, the landlord had been described as equal to God Indra in power.

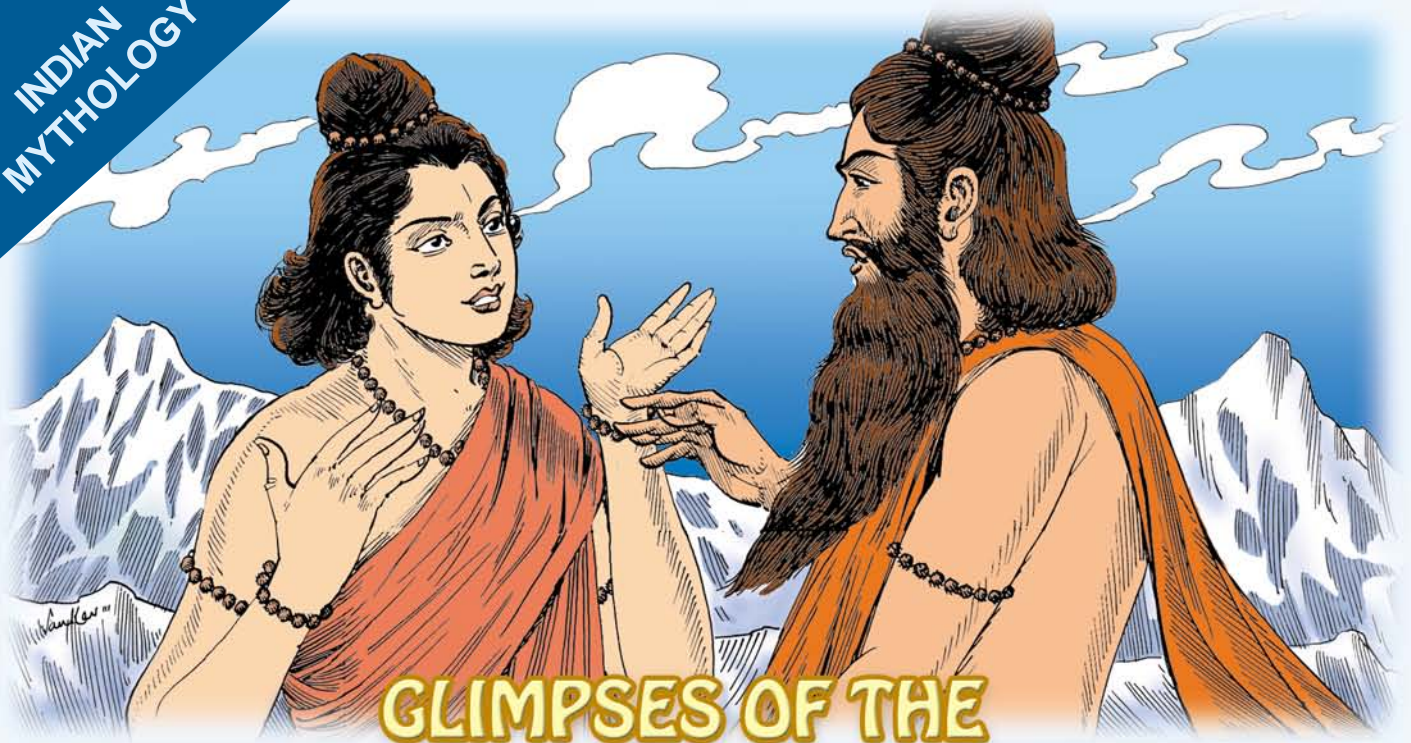
"Wonderful! This poet deserves a handsome reward," said the landlord to his clerk. The poet felt encouraged and recited yet another verse, describing the landlord as equal to Kubera, the god of Wealth.

"The poet deserves a far greater reward than I had in mind earlier," exclaimed the landlord looking at his clerk.

The happy poet then took his seat. The clerk lowered his voice, and asked the landlord "How much should I pay him as reward?"

"Not a paisa," whispered the landlord. "He flattered me; I also flattered him equally. The deal is clinched!"





GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

Suta the sage went on with his narration: Vyasa was charmed to see his son Sukadev. His friends, the other sages in the forest, were left in no doubt about the fact that the newborn was a great soul. Several happy signs were evident at the time of Suka's birth.

The Ganga flowed through the forest. The spirit of the river, Mother Ganga herself, nursed the boy. When it was time for him to receive education, his father took him to Brihaspati, the teacher of the gods. Years later Sukadev completed his studies to his guru's great satisfaction and went back to his father.

"Son, it's time for you to get married. Once I get your consent, I would go looking for a suitable bride. I hope you will lead the life of an ideal son, an ideal husband, and an ideal father," Vyasa told Sukadev.

"Father, from the very moment I became conscious of my being, I've been seeking Truth. I've no desire for raising a family. I've no attraction for worldly life. Hence I pray to you to withdraw your proposal concerning my marriage," answered Sukadev.

Vyasa looked grave. He nodded and said, "My son, don't feel worried on account of difficulties in running a family. It would be my responsibility to run your family. I shall arrange for meeting its needs. Get married as desired by me. I look forward to the pleasure of being blessed with a grandson."

"Father, it's very kind of you to offer to shoulder the burden of my family. You're an ideal father, but I won't be able to prove myself equally ideal. For the simple reason, I've no desire to remain in a family and suffer the pains and pangs which I've seen others suffer. No doubt, a family is a source of happiness, but that is for those who can derive pleasure out of it. I cannot. From the very beginning, it'll be a shackle around my feet. Total freedom is necessary for any great quest," explained Sukadev.

"My son, your ideas about life in a family are not correct. One can lead a truthful life while remaining in the family. The great seers of the past have divided our life into phases. After you have experienced your life in the

3. SHUKADEV'S OBJECTION TO MARRIAGE

family, you can, at a later stage, renounce it and retire into the jungle for meditation. Don't look down upon family life. Don't forget that as great a sage as Vasishtha, too, had a family," argued Vyasa.

But Sukadev did not seem to be convinced. He said, "What you say is of great worth—but for others, not for me. I don't know about Vasishtha. But I know the lives of the gods and even of Brahma, Vishnu and Maheshwara. Each of them had a myriad of troubles, thanks to their family ties. In any case, my nature is different. I ought to remain sincere and truthful to my nature."

Vyasa fell silent. He realised that there was no point in persuading Sukadev to marry. He sighed and smiled and said, "Very well, my son, let your wish prevail. Remain a celibate. If it is the light of wisdom you are seeking, I shall do my best to help you."

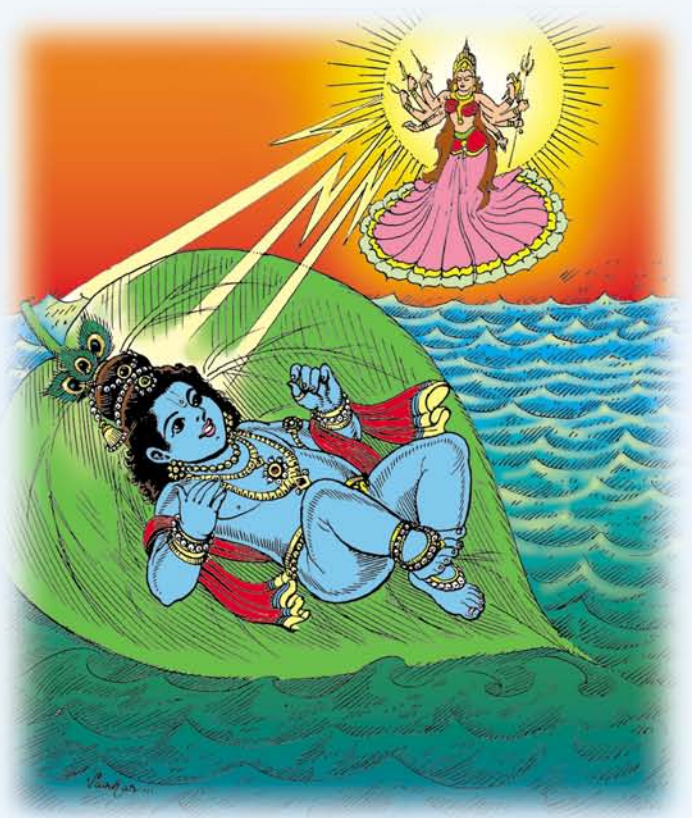
Vyasa said further: "Infinite are the power, the compassion and the Grace of the Divine Mother. As you already know, once while Vishnu reduced himself to the form of an infant and relaxed on a banyan leaf that floated on the sea, by and by he forgot his origin and grew bewildered.

Before him appeared the Divine Mother. Vishnu could not recognise her. She smiled sweetly and said, 'Immersed in the universal nature, you too have forgotten yourself for a moment. The Universal illusion has partly conquered even you. But this is in accordance with the Divine scheme. A lotus would spring from your navel. From the lotus would emerge Brahma. He would be the creator of a material Universe. Thereafter would appear Rudra. It will be for you to sustain the creation. Rudra would wield the power for destruction. I shall remain hidden in your heart and, with my power, help you in your function.'

Said Vishnu, 'I faintly remember a few words-half of a hymn—that I heard a little while ago. Who had uttered it?'

'I had uttered it before I manifested in this form. Now I utter the other half of the hymn. Thereby I establish a link between the manifest and what has not manifested,' said the Divine Mother.

Thereafter she taught the full hymn to Vishnu. It is by



the power of this hymn that Vishnu killed the demons. Madhu and Kaitav. From him Brahma learned the hymn. Later Brahma passed on the hymn to Narada. Narada taught it to Vyasa.

Now Vyasa passed on the hymn to Sukadev. By reciting the hymn, Sukadev mastered new branches of knowledge.

One day Vyasa saw Sukadev engrossed in deep thought. "My son," said Vyasa, "I'm happy that you have gathered much wisdom. But know this, my boy, that wisdom is not to be found only in the scriptures. The world, society, and the family can also be fields for gathering knowledge and making true progress in life. Take the case of King Janaka. He is busy looking after his kingdom. Yet there are very few among the sages whose consciousnesses can be compared to his."

"How can a king pursue true knowledge? As a ruler, he has often to make compromises with falsehood, he has to pamper and patronise the unworthy and ignore the worthy. While he metes out judgements, he cannot be totally immune to injustice. How can such a man be compared to sages?" asked Sukadev. He appeared agitated.

(To continue)

READ AND REACT

A NOVEL CONTEST FOR READERS

Cash prize of Rs. 250 for the best entry

Read the story below:

Two travellers were seen quarrelling on the road. They were about to come to blows when passers-by intervened and took them to the court. "This fellow wanted to see my diamond ring. When I gave it to him, he claimed that it was his and refused to return it," complained one.

The second man told the judge: "Sir, it is mine, and I had given it to him just to see."

The judge held the ring between his fingers. "My God! Here at last is the king's ring that went missing! Whoever had stolen it must lose his head. Speak out! Who is the one who stole it?"



Can you guess how either of the travellers would have replied? Also how the judge would have found out the truth? Keep this in mind:

- ◆ One of them must be lying? Who?
- ◆ If the ring belonged to the king, how did it come to the possession of one of the travellers?
- ◆ Think of a satisfactory conclusion for the story and suggest a suitable title.

Write your reaction in 100-150 words and send it to us in an envelope superscribed "Read and React". Attach the coupon given below:

CLOSING DATE : March 31, 2004

Name -----Age-----Date of birth-----

School -----Class-----

Home address-----

-----Pin code-----

Parent's signature

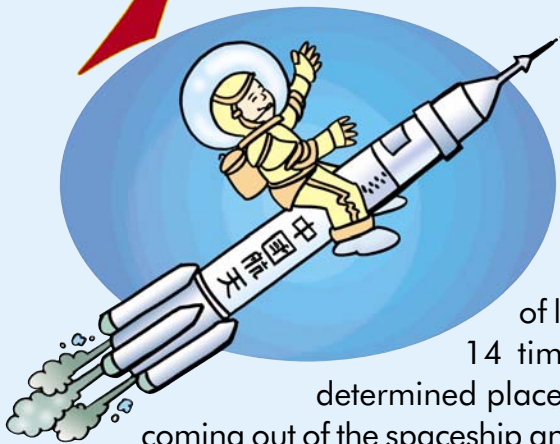
Participant's signature

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Newsflash

China's first in space



China has sent a man into space in its own spaceship for the first time, thus becoming the third country after the USA and Soviet Union / Russia to do so. Spaceship Shenzhou-V lifted off on October 16 from the rocket station in the Gobi desert, with 38-year-old Yang Liwei on board. Within 10 minutes of lift-off, the spaceship began orbiting the earth. After going round 14 times in 21 hours, the spaceship returned to earth in a pre-determined place in Northern China. TV watchers could see live the cosmonaut coming out of the spaceship and waving to the crowd waiting for him. A former army lieutenant, Yang Liwei is the 241st human being to go into space.

Punctuality reminders

Observing punctuality on every occasion, at every place, is only a sign of good behaviour—whether be at school, factory, or government office and at meetings and conferences, parties, or entertainment. What about wedding ceremonies? Singaporeans will now get a reminder card along with the invitation, requesting the guest to be punctual while attending a wedding ceremony or reception. The government-backed Singapore Kindness Movement has prepared such reminder cards and has been handing them to families before they start mailing invitations. This is part of the SKM's behaviour modification campaign. The SKM has been urging citizens "to wave at fellow motorists, always to put on a smile, and switch off their mobile phones while watching movies in cinemas.



Teeth power

A Malaysian Indian, V. Radhakrishnan, pulled six railway coaches, each weighing more than 260 tons, with his teeth to a distance of over 4 metres (15ft). Among the spectators of the event held in Kuala Lumpur was the then Prime Minister, Mr. Mahathir Muhammad. The 37-year-old "youth" is now awaiting an entry in the *Guinness Book of World Records*.



The Arabian Nights : Jester's Joke

The physician and his wife took the corpse to the roof.



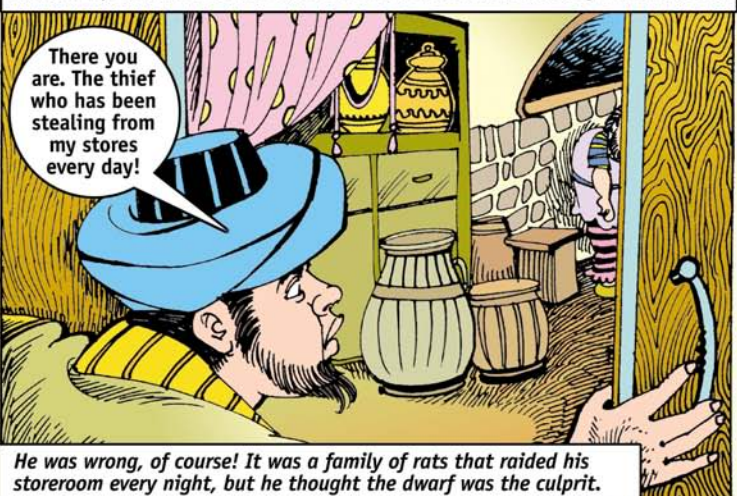
They threw Hameed's corpse into the neighbour's house.



The corpse landed inside the neighbour's storeroom through a vent in the roof. This neighbour was the kitchen-supervisor to the governor's house. He was a cheat. He regularly stole groceries and foodstuff from the governor's house.



When he opened the door, he saw someone crouched in a corner of the storeroom.



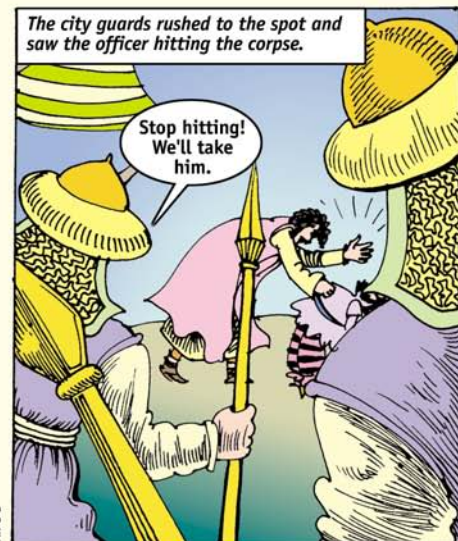
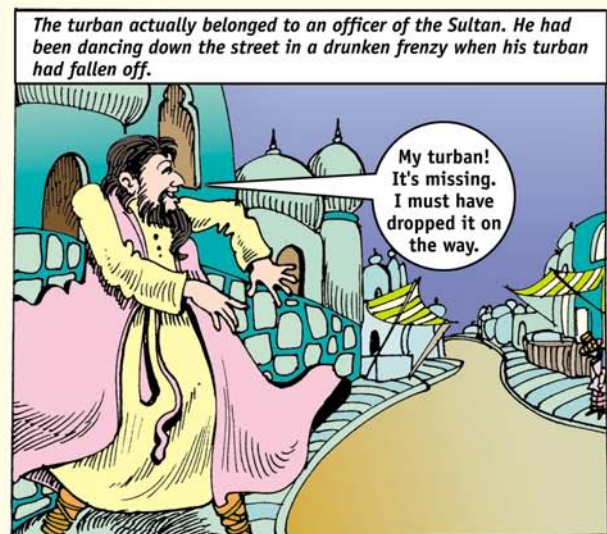
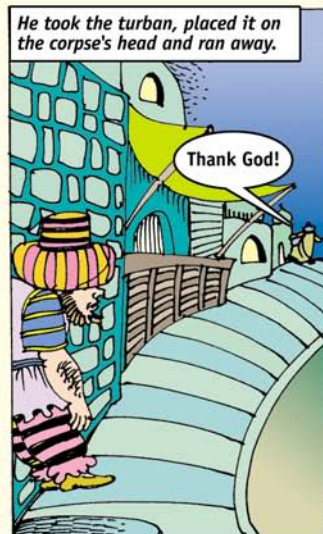
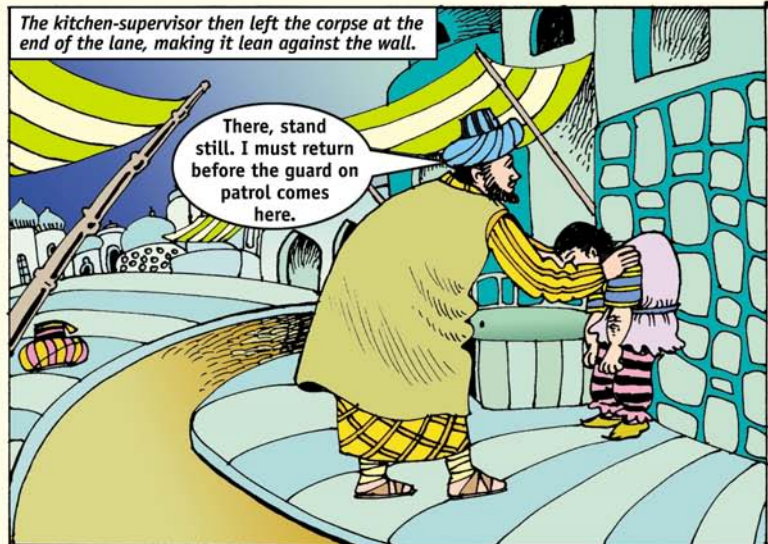
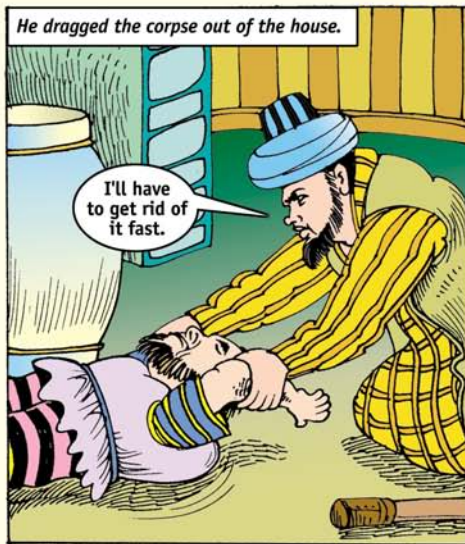
He picked up an iron rod and hit the culprit on his head.



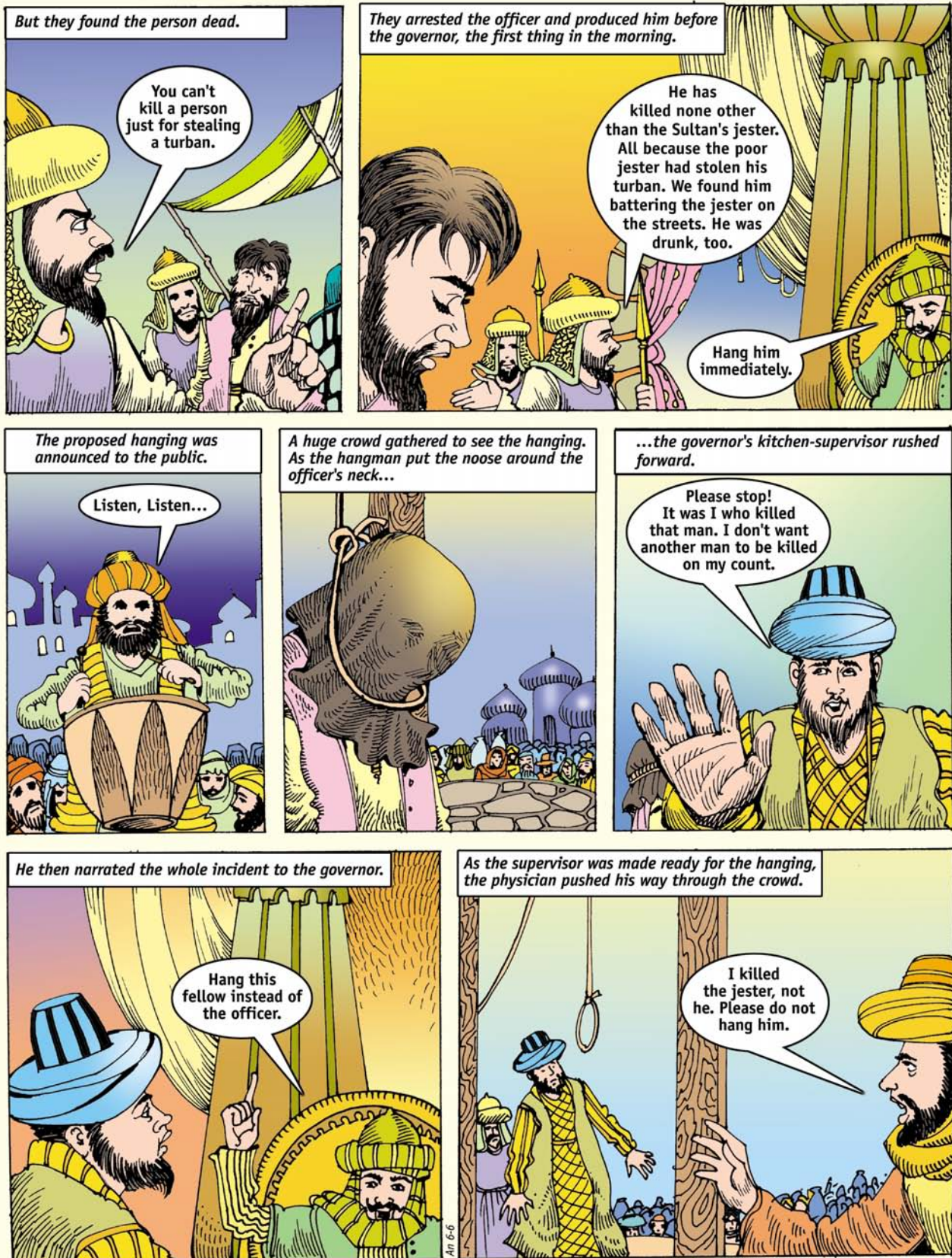
The dwarf's corpse fell sprawling on the floor.



The Arabian Nights : Jester's Joke

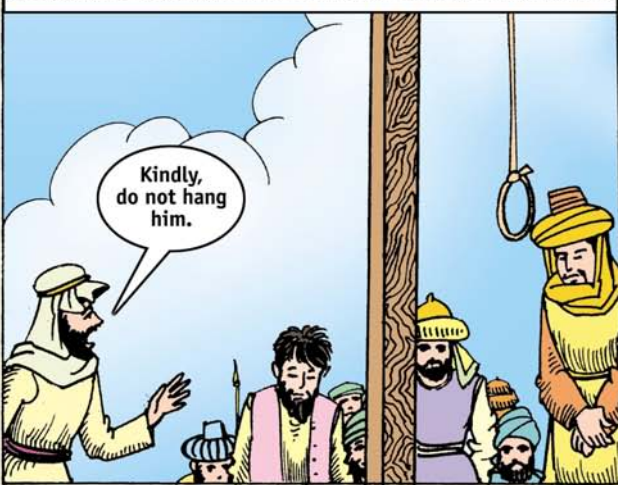


The Arabian Nights : Jester's Joke



The Arabian Nights : Jester's Joke

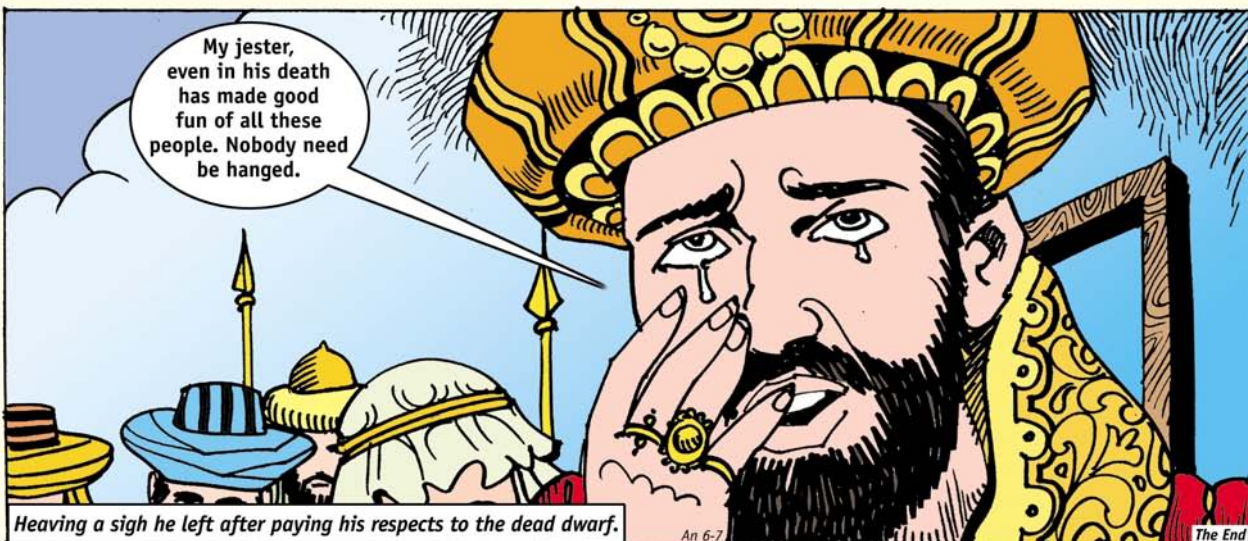
But as the physician was about to be hanged, Younis came forward to confess that it was he who had actually killed Hameed.



The governor listened to Younis's story.



Meanwhile, the Sultan came to know about the death of Hameed. He rushed to the place of execution.





Dear Eco-friends,

Vasudha

It is springtime. A time when the whole world springs back to life. In general, spring is a season that celebrates life. The hibernating animals wake up from their long winter slumber, the flowers are in full bloom, and there is festivity in the air. Especially in India where we celebrate Holi, the festival of colours.

The cause of concern, though, is the fact that the world's environment is fast changing. We have already seen instances of black rain and radical climatic changes. Maybe very soon there will come a time when there won't be any spring. And just think, all this is the result of man's misuse of nature. Can you imagine a life without the colour and good cheer of spring? Of course not.

The positive side, though, is that it is in your hands. So, let us try to use and not misuse the gifts Mother Nature has generously bestowed upon us.

Love

KOPRA KUTTY

Our Earth—then and now

Today the world has been broken up into several pieces due to hatred and greed. Mankind has systematically destroyed the one home he has, thereby threatening his own existence. A few dangers that are looming large over us, like the shadow of doom, are:

Global warming - caused by the release of green house gases like water vapour, carbon dioxide and methane. What actually happens is that, as these gases are released into the atmosphere, they trap the energy present there. This makes the earth warmer. If this continues, it will lead to serious climatic changes.



Pollution - This monster has engulfed the earth in a big way. Its strike rate is phenomenal. Simply because it has not come alone. There is water pollution, air pollution, sound pollution. If this goes unchecked, they will lead to serious health hazards, atmospheric pollution and scarcity of resources. For instance, water pollution will lead to water related diseases; the water animals will also be affected.

Hole in the ozone layer - Ozone occurs at all levels in the atmosphere, but most of it is found in the stratosphere. However, it plays a very important role. Ozone absorbs harmful ultraviolet radiation which is produced by the sun. Ultraviolet radiation can damage cells of living things - plants, animals and people. Whereas





Magical leaf print- wall hanging



You must have seen that a number of trees shed their leaves. These leaves that have fallen on the ground have magic hidden in them. What? You don't believe this? Well, then, use it to create magic. Make a magical leaf print wall hanging.



Things you will need:

**An assortment of dry leaves,
Colour pencils or crayons,
A sheet of white paper, 24 broomsticks,
A piece of string,
Fevicol.**



What to do :

Arrange the leaves (face down) in any fashion you like.

Now, gently place the white paper (right side up).

Now take either the colour pencils or crayons of your choice and rub over the areas of the paper where the leaves have been arranged.

What do you see? Aha! Quite magically the impressions of the leaves appear on the paper.

Now cut the paper to size. Fix six broomsticks on each of the four ends of the paper. Fix the sticks close to each other (as shown in the picture.)

Make a loop using the string and attach it to the paper using Fevicol. It is now ready for hanging on the wall of your drawing room.



small doses result in nothing worse than sunburn, larger amounts may cause skin cancer and affect the growth of plants.

In our previous issues, a number of these problems have been discussed in great detail. Besides, you are also aware of the various things you can do to save the earth, which you have learnt about in school.

Here is one line that sums it all up- **Live within the capacity of the earth.** Remember, you will get back only what you put into it.

Diplomacy is the winner

By the time this issue goes to our readers, the Indian Cricket team would have reached Pakistan to play a series of Test matches and one-dayers. 'To play (in Pakistan) or not to play' has been a much-debated question for the last 15 years. It was in 1989 that the Indian players last went to our neighbouring country to play international matches. The reason: militants from Pakistan were infiltrating into India and 'playing' havoc in Kashmir and other places resulting in the death of hundreds of innocent people. Because such infiltration continued despite pleas to Pakistan, our cricketers had apprehensions about their security and safety if they were to play in Pakistan. However, the opposing teams have been meeting elsewhere, in places like Sharjah and wherever the World Cup matches were held. An end to the stand off was seriously considered when India decided to attend the SAARC summit, which was being convened in the Pakistan capital after a postponement by two years. Resumption of diplomatic parleys between the two countries was very much advocated, as also resumption of cricket on rival grounds. Even probable dates were considered, and it was decided that India would play in Pakistan in March-April this year. However, doubts about security for our cricketers were expressed by political parties as well as a few players themselves. The Board of Control for Cricket in India (BCCI) then declared that it would only abide by any decision taken by the Government of India. It was suggested then that an official team of the Board should visit Pakistan to evaluate the measures taken for the safety of the players. On the assurances given by the Pakistan Board and the government there, and on the recommendations of the BCCI team, the green signal for the visit. Clearly, diplomacy is the winner.

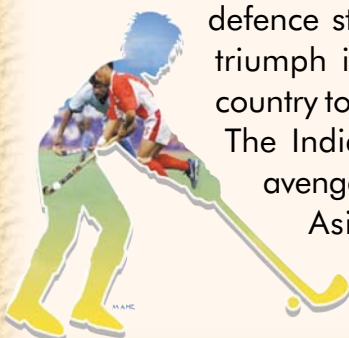


Victory in hockey

Our women's hockey team made India proud by winning the Women's Asia Cup title, defeating the pre-match favourites Japan by a solitary goal. The final was played in New Delhi. The lone goal was netted by 16-year-old **Jasjeet Kaur** hailing from Haryana, in the 64th minute of the game. The dying minutes of the match found extreme pressure put on the Indian team by their Japanese counterparts, but the Indian defence stood firm. For India it is the first triumph in Asia Cup and it qualifies the country to take part in the 2006 World Cup. The Indian team, led by Surajlata Devi, avenged the defeat by Japan in the 2002 Asian Games. China and Korea played for the third place. The former beat holders Korea 3-0.



Jasjeet Kaur



Title for Indian player

Sania Mirza won her 7th international and first Women's professional title in the final of the Boca Raton Classic Women's ITF Tournament in Florida, U.S.A. She beat Cory Ann Avants 6-2, 6-3. Cory was ranked 80 against Sania's 282.



Sania Mirza

Indian equals world record

India's **Suma Shirur** won the gold medal at the Asian Shooting Championships in Kuala Lumpur. She equalled the world record score of 102.3 in the finals. The silver medal was claimed by Suma's teammate, Deepali Deshpande.

Save Electricity

One evening, as Veena and Grandpa were playing Ludo, her father came in, looking very upset. He was showing his temper on Veena's mother. Grandpa asked, "What's the matter, son?"

"Father, this month's electricity bill is an absolutely astronomical one!" exclaimed Daddy agitatedly. "If it goes on like this, we'll be ruined! I simply don't know how we manage to run up such huge bills!"

"I can give you the answer to that one," said Grandpa gently. "Look around you."

He pointed, and the family stared shamefacedly at the things they had never really noticed before. The TV was on, although no one was watching it. The lights and fans in all the rooms were on, even though all the family members were in the drawing-room. The coolers is also on. Though all the family members here out of that room.

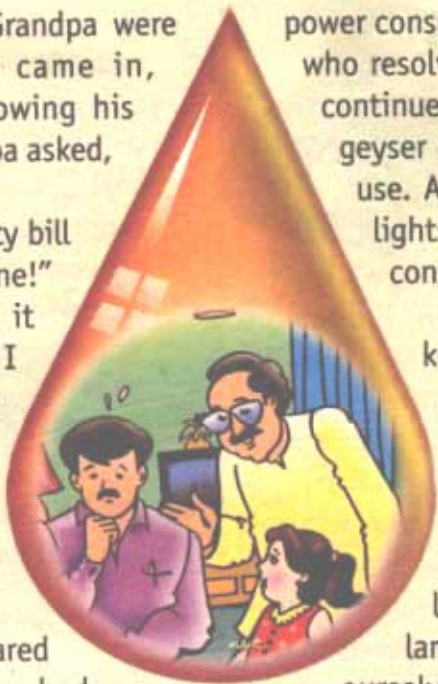
"I can give you more examples of wastage," went on Grandpa. He said to Veena, "Several times I saw you opening the fridge, taking a bottle of water and keeping the door open till you finished your drink and replaced the bottle! This reduces the cooling, resulting in excess

power consumption." This was news to Veena, who resolved never to do it again. Grandpa continued, "Similarly, you often leave the geyser on for hours together, even after use. And also everybody were using the lights in the bathroom in the day. It consumes a lot of electricity."

He paused and went on, "You know, you all are lucky to live in an age when so much gets done at the mere touch of a button. During my childhood days in the village, there was no electricity. I would study by the light of kerosene lamps. I found very difficult by that lamps. In the summer, we had to fan

ourselves vigorously with hand fans to keep cool. Water for the whole family's use had to be drawn manually from the well, as there was no pump to send it to the overhead tank, as there is today. There was no TV, fridge, oven, A/C, geyser, mixie or grinder. Imagine what life would have been like in those days. Then you will not feel like wasting electricity."

It was a sobering thought. Then and there, Veena decided to do her part to save power, by switching off electrical appliances when not in use. Her father, mother and all the family members were very happy with Veena's activity.



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□ **What is the origin of the boomerang?**

-P.Krishnamurthi, Tinneveli

The boomerang was once used as both a weapon and hunting instrument by the aborigines of Australia. There are two types- returning and non-returning. The first type was used for hunting birds. It was thrown vertically, but inclined to its flat side and then curved and obediently returned to the thrower. The non-returning type is usually heavier and used for hunting large game. It can give a mighty blow even from a distance of 150m (500ft). Boomerangs are shaped like a V, with slightly skewed arms. The arms are sharpened, with one side flat and the other Convex. It is this part which gives them their aerodynamic qualities. They are usually made of wood. This ancient weapon has given birth to an expression in English language, when what someone does or says boomerangs on the person-comes back with a malefic effect.

□ **What is the origin of the "Stars and Stripes"?** - **Sonia Desai, Ahmedabad**

The national flag of the United States of America is called the "Stars and Stripes". During the civil war in that country in the 18th century, as and when a state became independent of the erstwhile British rule, it adopted a flag of its own. The Rhodes Island flag was the first to contain any star. There were 13 stars representing the 13 colonies which later became the first members of the United States. In 1777, after the Declaration of Independence, the U.S. Congress adopted

a design for the national flag consisting of 13 stripes and 13 stars. It was decided that a new stripe and a new star would be added every time a new state was formed. By 1795, the flag was getting "crowded". The Congress then decided that the flag would have only 13 stripes and a star alone would be added for each state. In 1959 Alaska and Hawaii became the 49th and 50th states. Thus the U.S. flag now consists of 13 stripes and 50 stars.

What makes us to shut our eyes when we fall asleep?

-Shantanu Aggarwal, Kolkata

When we are awake, the muscles controlling the eyelids get tightened. However, when we feel sleepy, these muscles begin to relax, and our eyelids droop, and we find it difficult to keep our eyes open. Soon afterwards other muscles, too, begin relaxing, our arms and legs feel limp and our hands fall open - all denoting that we are tired and ready to fall asleep.

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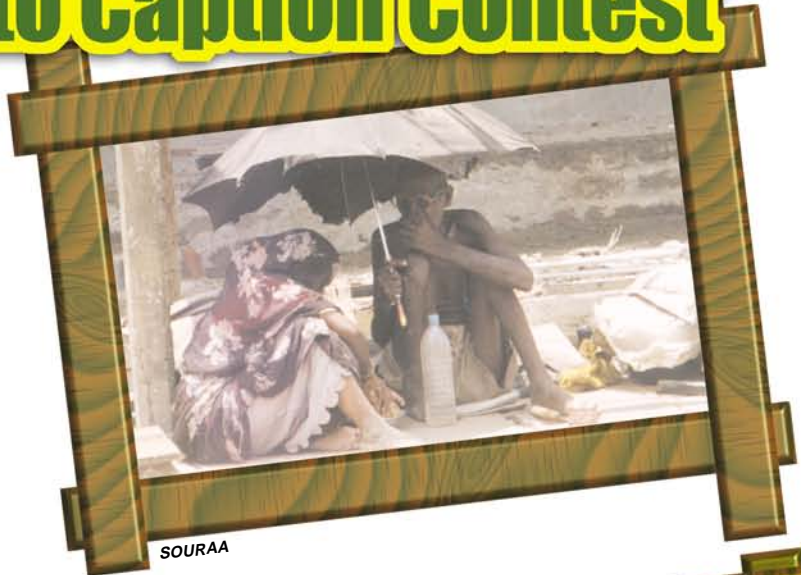
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